

# THE NOBLEST WORK OF MONUMENTAL ART

In the Middle-West—Described by Senator Harlan.

"Victory," "The Sailor," "The Artilleryman," "The Cavalryman," Medallion Groups, etc.,  
Designed for the Iowa Soldiers' Monument, Pictured for the First Time.

Vol. 5.

FEBRUARY.

No. 2.

# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY



A MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO  
MIDLAND LIT-  
ERATURE & ART



THE CUBAN CAPITAL PICTURED BY ED L. SABIN.

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With full-page Illustrations of Statues and  
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THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

IN ALL THAT IS GOOD, IOWA AFFORDS THE BEST.

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## AGENTS WANTED.

# 1896

Some of the many Contributions booked for THE MIDLAND MONTHLY during the Year.

## THEME PAPERS.

How to Relieve the Poor and Prevent Poverty, Mrs. S. K. Terrill.  
The Real Author of "If I Should Die Tonight," Rev. Dr. W. W. Gist.  
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The Elective System in Education, Professor Frank W. Nelson, Bethany College, Kansas.  
Education and Marriage, Julia L. Morris.  
The Life Element in American Fiction, Kate Corkhill, Wesleyan University, Iowa.

The Anglo-Saxon and Colonization, Welles G. Clark.  
The United States Labor Bureau, H. H. Dane.  
The Humor of Whittier, J. L. Pickard, ex-President Iowa State University.  
Woman, Emma Y. Ross.  
Some Elements in American Poetry, Caroline W. Sheldon.  
Denmark in America, Ed. S. White.  
Amana Society, Bartholomew L. Wick.  
The Woman Who Wants to Be a Man, Julia L. Morris.  
Home Themes, by a large number of MIDLAND contributors, in prose and verse.

# 1896

## DESCRIPTIVE PAPERS.

Among these are a number of "**Midland War Sketches**" — a feature of THE MIDLAND during the coming year — by F. M. Thompson, Colonel Charles A. Clark, Senator Brower, W. S. Moore, Louise Maertz (Hospital Nurse), Doctor J. A. Anderson, General R. W. Johnson and other well-known Army men.

A Pioneer Editor's Experience, Hon. John M. Brainerd.  
Building a House in Dakota, A. L. Cornwell.  
Some Recollections of General William Henry Harrison, Hon. T. S. Parvin.  
Puget Sound — The Angler's Paradise, Herbert Bashford.  
A Glimpse of Berlin, Adaliza Danleis.

The Home of the Duel, Professor Edward W. Rockwood, Iowa State University.  
Australasian Aborigines, George W. Bell, U. S. Consul at Sydney, Australia.  
The Devil's Backbone, Samuel Calvin, Professor of Geology, State University.  
Gold Mines of the West, E. B. Cauthone.  
William M. Evarts, Personal Recollections, by Hon. Henry O'Connor.  
Longfellow's Early Home, Fanny Kennish Earl.  
A Trip Across New Zealand, W. E. Glanville, Ph. D.  
Nooks and Corners of London, George Merriam Hyde.  
The First Banquet Ever Held in the Upper Mississippi Valley, Hon. T. S. Parvin.





THE IOWA SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT,  
ERECTED AT THE STATE CAPITOL, DES MOINES.

# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME V.

FEBRUARY, 1896.

NUMBER 2.

## THE IOWA SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT.

BY JAMES HARLAN.

THE Iowa Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument—located, by act of the Twenty-fourth General Assembly, approved April 7, 1892, on the old capitol grounds, across the lawn south of the new Capitol—is rapidly approaching completion. Its sub-foundation of vitrified brick and hydraulic cement, its platform, base and shaft of Massachusetts granite, surmounted by a colossal bronze female figure personifying Victory, are all in place, and have been accepted by the Commission, in behalf of the State, as fulfilling the requirements of the artist's design, the architect's drawings and the builders' contract.

The bronze figures and ornamental work designed for the platform, the four faces, gables and frieze of the imposing base supporting the shaft, consisting of four horses with soldier riders,—four gigantic pedestrian figures representing the four arms of the military service, Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery and Marine ; a gigantic figure allegorically personifying Iowa ; another equally prominent dual figure or group, designed to personify the work of the Iowa women in the War of the Rebellion, denominated in the contract, for the want of a better term, "History" ; four large and thirty-two small medallion portraits of soldiers ; two bas-reliefs, one representing Iowa troops charging over the enemy's defensive works at Fort Donelson, and the second on the opposite face representing the same troops joyfully returning to their peaceful homes at the close of the war ; these, and other emblems, will all be completed and put in place, it is expected, during the year 1896.

The first movement of the State towards the erection of such a monument was made by the General Assembly near the close of the session of 1888. A law had

previously been enacted authorizing the several counties to erect local monuments in honor of the deceased soldiers of their respective localities, by means of a special county tax, to be first authorized by the people of the counties respectively. And several such monuments had been so built. They were necessarily cheap, and most of them inartistic and unsatisfactory, and nearly all of the counties in the State, presumably on this account, declined to take any action under this law. The people generally seemed to regard such expenditure as a waste of money. But a feeling was gradually manifested all over the State demanding some creditable expression in art of the appreciation of her whole people of the patriotic and masterful bearing of her Union soldiers in the field during the War of the Rebellion.



CARL RÖHL-SMITH. SCULPTOR.

This sentiment found its first formal expression through the Iowa Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic. In the month of December, 1887, a memorial, addressed to the General Assembly, was formulated at Mt. Pleasant, and sent by McFarland Post to each of the other G.

is now a part of the history of Iowa. It mentions the fact that during the War of the Rebellion over 80,000 of her citizens went to the front as Union soldiers, where they spent several perilous years, in conjunction with comrades from the other loyal states, to secure the preser-



GENERAL EDWARD HATCH, COLONEL OF THE SECOND IOWA CAVALRY, AND LATER  
BRIGADIER-GENERAL.  
One of the Four Large Medallions.

A. R. Posts in the State for consideration and report. A large majority of them approved this memorial, and united with McFarland Post in directing the State Commander to lay it before the Legislature, which convened the following January, for such action as might be deemed proper and advisable. This command was of course obeyed, and the memorial

vation of the Union and the perpetuation of our free institutions; that they personally know that the Iowa troops never shirked any duty required of them in the field, and never faltered in the presence of their foes; and that they do not think it would be regarded anywhere as offensive egotism in them to say that the Iowa Union soldiers never had cause,

during the whole history of this War, to feel humiliated by a comparison of their conduct in any emergency, however trying to human courage, with their most illustrious comrades from the other states of the Union. It says that while engaged in this arduous and perilous service many of them fell in battle and died of wounds thus received and of diseases so contracted; that since the close of this

by the coming generations"; and, therefore, the memorialists pray for the erection of a monument by the State for this purpose.

The request thus made was a very modest one coming from such heroes, of whom the world-famed traveler, author and statesman, Bayard Taylor, wrote these truthful and undying words, under the caption,



THE PORTRAIT MEDALLIONS. (FIRST GROUP.)

E. C. Haynes, Lieutenant Company D, Sixth Iowa Infantry.  
F. M. Drake, Lieutenant-Colonel Thirty-sixth Iowa Infantry, Commissioned Colonel but not mustered, Brevet Brigadier General.

D. B. Henderson, First Lieutenant Company C, Twelfth Infantry, Colonel Forty-fourth Infantry.  
R. P. Clarkson, Sergeant Company A, Twelfth Infantry.

struggle for national existence many thousand more of them have passed on; that their ranks are already thin; and that soon all will have crossed the dark stream to the eternal camping ground; and then declares that "surely it can not be regarded as unreasonable that they should desire that what they did and why they did it should be remembered

#### IOWA PATRIOTISM.

Out of the breathless wilderness of sixty years ago 84,017—I linger lovingly on the number—84,017 boys in blue have swelled the federal legions. There has been precisely time enough since 1840 to grow one man to prime, and in that year of grace there was not that many human beings in all the State by more than 40,000. She had 43,112 men, women and children all told, in 1840, and seventy-one soldiers in the army. Four batteries have

spoken for her. Ten regiments of cavalry have heard the bugles and thundered to the carnage. Forty regiments of infantry closed up the solid front. And 15,000 have fallen. And what heroes they were, and how splendid the record they have made for Iowa, liberty and God. How rich the meaning they have lent the legend of her coat of arms, "Our liberties we prize, our rights we will maintain."

In response to this memorial and the general patriotic sentiment of the people of Iowa, the General Assembly, by an act approved April 17, 1888, appropriated \$5,000 for the purpose of "preparing a site and foundation on the capitol grounds for the erection of a monument to perpetuate an expression, on the part of the people of the State of Iowa, of their appreciation of the patriotism, courage and distinguished soldierly bearing of their fellow-citizens, as manifested during the War of the Rebellion."

The same act designated "the Governor of the State, James Harlan, Samuel J. Kirkwood, George G. Wright, Edward Johnstone and D. N. Richardson a Commission with authority to advertise for and examine plans for such a monument, and to report to the next General Assembly upon the plans submitted."

All of these gentlemen accepted the delicate trust and promptly entered on the discharge of the patriotic duty assigned them, and at once advertised for plans and designs as required by the statute, offering a modest premium to be paid to the several authors of those deemed by the Commission first, second and third best. The several competitors for these prizes were requested to send their drawings and models to Des Moines, but to withhold their respective names and post-office addresses from the Commission and from the public,—sending them enclosed in sealed envelopes to the Governor, not to be opened until after the awards should be made, so as to guard against the possibility of prejudice for or against anyone on the part of the members of the board.

Forty-eight competitors responded to this invitation. And the Commission,

having been reconvened by the Governor, commenced an examination of this mass of incipient art work; and, after spending two days in faithful study and comparison, without reaching a satisfactory conclusion of the relative excellence of the several designs, they were severally photographed, to be maturely studied by each member at his home. On reassembling after the lapse of ample time to give the subject due consideration the awards were made, and when the three sealed packages corresponding to the winning designs were opened by the Governor in the presence of the Commission, Harriet A. Ketcham of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, was found to be the author of the design awarded the highest premium. And the board so reported to the Legislature, as required by the statute. And here their work terminated for this biennial period.

The Commissioners had not been authorized to *adopt* a plan and to proceed with the work. Their power in the premises was exhausted with the presentation of the report of their opinion of the relative merits of the several plans and designs submitted. This absence of authority necessarily delayed the commencement of actual construction until after the close of the second year subsequent to the date of their appointment. Nor did the next General Assembly, which convened January, 1890, adopt a design or authorize the work of construction to be commenced during the next succeeding biennial period. A law, however, was enacted April 24, 1890, perpetuating the life of the Commission, augmenting the number of its members by adding two eminent citizens, Hon. E. Townsend and Hon. L. E. Mitchell, thus causing it to consist of eight instead of six persons. This act restricted their action to the performance of a single duty during the next two years, *viz* :

To consider and report to the Twenty-fourth General Assembly their views as to whether a monument, a memorial arch, a memorial hall, or a memorial hall and monument combined, will best express, on the part of the people of the State of Iowa, their

appreciation of the patriotism, courage and distinguished soldierly bearing of their fellow-citizens in the War of the Rebellion.

The Commission, it will be seen, was not authorized to adjudicate and decide the question. They were directed merely to examine it and to report their views upon it. The final decision was reserved for the Legislature itself. But the act made a small appropriation to defray necessary expenses of the Commission; and also directed the State Treasurer to retain in the treasury a contingent part of certain money which it was expected the State would receive from the general government, to be hereafter used for memorial purposes, in the discretion of the next succeeding General Assembly.

The Commission, after maturely considering the proposition thus submitted, decided unanimously in favor of the plan and design presented by Mrs. Ketcham, and so reported to the Twenty-fourth General Assembly. This report was practically approved by the passage of the act of April 7, 1892, appropriating an additional \$150,000 for its construction, to be taken from the funds indicated by the preceding General Assembly.

This act also located the monument on the site known as "The Old Capitol Grounds," a small parallelogram, one hundred feet wide and one hundred and sixty feet in length, on which the old capitol building was then standing, across the street on the south side of the new capitol building; and authorized the Commission, in its discretion, to enlarge this site by purchase or condemnation of enough ground on its east side to make the front equal to the depth; provided, however, that the cost thereof should be paid out of the \$150,000 then appropriated, and that the total cost of said monument and additional ground, and all contingent expenses of every description whatever, should not exceed the several sums appropriated, amounting in all to \$160,000.

As soon as practicable after the above named legislation the Commission procured the necessary detail scale drawings,

advertised for bids, and made contracts with reputable and competent parties of well known architectural and artistic skill, for the execution of this work, at prices unexpectedly favorable to the State. But although the collection and preparation of materials and the execution of the art work progressed with satisfactory speed, it was found to be impracticable to put any of it in place prior to the meeting of the General Assembly that convened January, 1894.

In the meantime it had become obvious to the contractors, whose professional reputations were involved, as well as to all other architects, artists and builders conversant with the facts, and to all the members of the Commission, that the site selected by the Legislature, although intrinsically beautiful, was in some respects unfortunate.

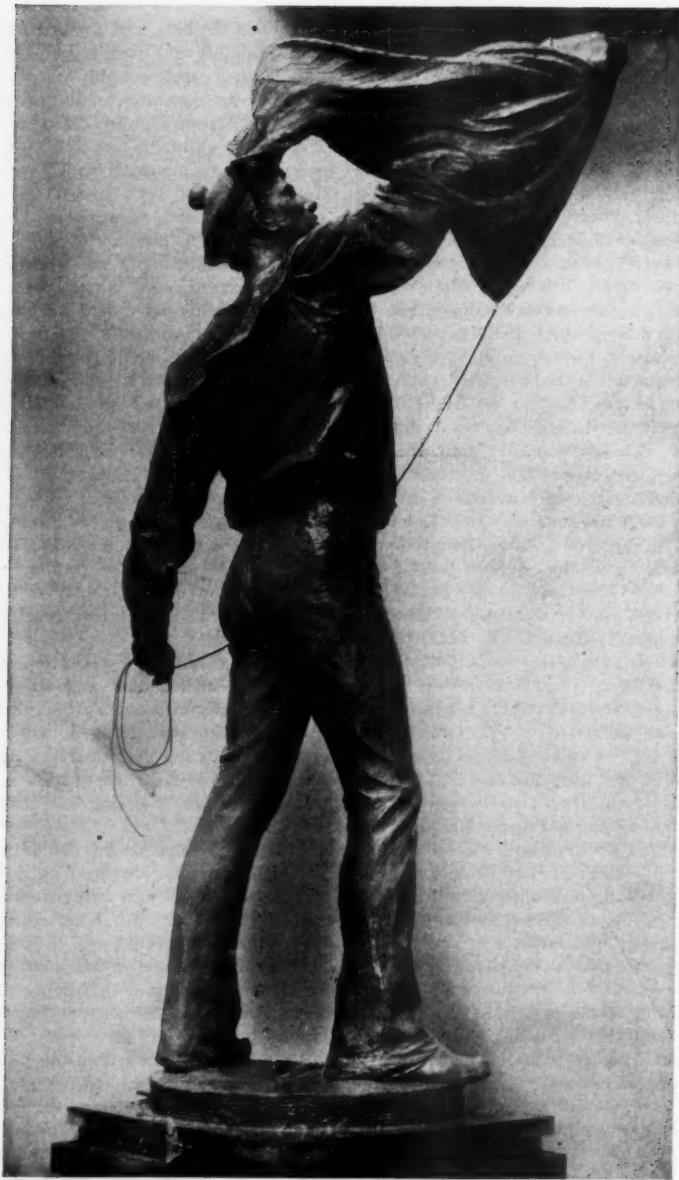
*First.* Because the plat of ground designated, even with the slight enlargement authorized by the statute, is too small for the proper display of an art structure of its elaborate character and dimensions.

*Second.* Because however imposing it would appear if placed on a sufficiently large plat of ground, at a proper distance from the capitol building, it will be regrettably minimized in appearance by contrast, standing under the shadow of that massive edifice towering far above its crown.

*Third.* Because on this plat of ground it will be greatly obscured by adjacent private buildings now in existence, and probably by others, still more obstructive, hereafter to be erected.

*Fourth.* Because on this site it will be in constant danger of destruction by the conflagration of the surrounding buildings.

But, happily, it is within the power of the General Assembly to obviate all of these defects of location, except near proximity to the capitol, by the purchase of additional ground and the removal of obstructing buildings. And the near proximity of the monument to the capitol, although seriously objectionable, is not



**THE NAVY.**  
As personified on the Iowa Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument.



The statue as photographed before shipment from Chicago.

**VICTORY.**

As personified on the Iowa Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument.

fatal to a proper appreciation of its excellence in plan, design and execution as a superior work of art by the public at large, because the most of these spectators will see it from the vicinity or interior of the State House, or in passing to and fro along the street lying between the monument and that magnificent edifice, from which positions it will not obtrude either as an obstruction to vision between the spectator and the monument or as an object of comparison. And well informed critics of this location need not be reminded that many of the greatest works of monumental art erected by the most enlightened nations, ancient and modern, are somewhat similarly encumbered.

Distinctive isolation does not, in fact, appear to have been the dominating thought in their location. In this respect the Albert Monument, in the western part of Hyde Park, London, is exceptional. It has ample space, unincumbered and unobstructed, in the revelation of its beauty and grandeur to passers-by on every side, and is itself a structure so large on its massive base as to minify other objects even if they had been located near it.

But monumental shafts in London, Paris and Rome are in squares, large or small as may happen, but always in much frequented places, there not being apparently any idea of the public going out of its way to view them. The great Nelson Shaft in London is on the *edge*, not in the center, of a somewhat large open space, and is just across the street from large hotels and club houses of great dimensions.

The Duke of York Column is on the edge of St. James Park, between the ends of two rows of the largest residences in London.

The famous Vendome Column in Paris is in a not large open space in the heart of town, which is surrounded by a circle of lofty hotels and public office buildings.

A large obelisk stands in the center of a comparatively small open space in front of the enormous St. Peter's Church in Rome.

The beautiful Scott Monument at Edinburgh, lofty and ornate, is at one side of Prince Street, there being no other buildings on that side of the street, but the other side is a line of the large buildings of a modern city.

These few citations are sufficient to demonstrate that in the opinion of modern architects and artists structures like the Iowa Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument should be located on open ground, at least sufficiently removed from all other buildings to enable spectators to see it as they pass, readily and easily, from every side; that considerable open ground is desirable; but that publicity of location is an indispensable element. They are builded to be seen by the public; and, therefore, should not be put in remote places, or be otherwise obscured. And in this respect the Iowa Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument is fairly well located. And although the lot of land on which it stands is regrettably small, that defect can be easily removed by the General Assembly, whenever it may choose to make the necessary appropriation.

And it is deemed proper to mention in this connection that the attention of the General Assembly was specifically called to the objectionable features of this site, by the Commission, before any part of the material for its construction had been put in place; and that after protracted consideration that admittedly able body of statesmen failed to order a change, apparently on account of the inability of the two Houses to agree with each other in the selection of another site.

It should also be mentioned that this location is in harmony with the request found in the memorial of the Iowa Posts of the G. A. R., their prayer being for "the erection of a monument on the public grounds at the Capital of our State."

And it must be admitted by everybody that the General Assembly has proceeded in all things relating to this monument with commendable prudence and deliberation. Concern and unusual care were manifested in the appointment of

the original Commission, consisting of six somewhat mature citizens of notable official distinction, including the Governor of Iowa, *ex-officio*, and an ex-Governor, who had also served in the United States Senate and as Secretary of the Interior; and another who was an ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Iowa and an ex-United States Senator; and another who had been a United States Senator and Secretary of the Department of the Interior; and a fifth who, in addition to other eminent positions, had served as a commissioner in the erection of Iowa's first grand public edifice; and a sixth who had enjoyed unusually ample opportunities to observe and study art work throughout the world. Nevertheless the Legislature withheld from them all authority to *decide* any question relating to the monument during the first two years after their appointment; being permitted merely to advertise for plans, and report upon them to the next General Assembly. And during the second two years the scope of their authority was restricted to the performance of a single duty preliminary to the commencement of actual work, viz.: To consider and to report to the next General Assembly their views as to what kind of memorial structure would, in their opinion, best fulfill the legislative purposes set forth in the act of April 17, 1888. And finally when, after the lapse of four years, they were authorized to proceed with the work, they were required in explicit terms to complete the entire monument in every respect without exceeding the appropriations then made. Nothing was left to their discretion as to its total cost.

Nor did the General Assembly leave the Commission in doubt as to its views of what should be the character of the monument. The first statute enacted on this subject, approved April 17, 1888, declared its purpose to be, as before stated, "the erection of a monument to perpetuate an expression, on the part of the people of the State of Iowa, of their appreciation of the patriotism, courage and distinguished soldierly bearing of their fellow-citizens

as manifested during the War of the Rebellion." The Twenty-third General Assembly by the act approved April 24, 1890, reiterated this purpose in the same words. And the statute of April 7, 1892, directing the Commission to proceed with the work, indicates no change of purpose.

To what extent the Commission and their architect and artists have succeeded in carrying into effect the purpose of the General Assembly, as indicated by the statute, with the relatively small means placed under their control for this purpose, it is not the province of the writer of this article to decide. Doubtless there will be differences of opinion on that question. It may be that others could have done better. The members of the Commission have not at any time held themselves out as infallible, nor have they manifested the slightest egotism. No one of them either appointed himself or sought to be appointed to this delicate and perplexing trust. And they have not hesitated to publicly invite criticism by way of suggestion from everybody feeling an interest in the subject; which has been amply furnished by their fellow citizens in voluminous correspondence with the several members of the Commission, and also through the public press, with commendable freedom, and in a few instances with a spirit bordering on acrimony if not severe censure.

These suggestions, without regard to the censoriousness of some of them, have been carefully considered by the Commission; and in each case deemed proper and advisable have been adopted.

It seems to be conceded that a Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument must necessarily bear figures in the form of statues, busts or medallions of soldiers and sailors in some form known to artists, either in miniature, life size, heroic, gigantic or colossal. Without some such accompaniments it would be extremely difficult to so make it as to obviously set forth the purpose of its erection. Conceding that the monument must be, to some extent, thus embellished, the question will arise, Should such statues, busts, and profiles



THE PORTRAIT MEDALLIONS. (SECOND GROUP.)

J. B. Sample, First Lieutenant Company D, Seventh Infantry; Major and Assistant Adjutant General of Volunteers and Brevet Brigadier General.  
Samuel Duffin, Second Lieutenant Company K, Sixth Infantry.  
James Hartman, Sergeant Company F, Second Cavalry.  
Charles H. Smith, Second Lieutenant Company C, Fourth Cavalry.

George A. Stone, Colonel Twenty-fifth Infantry and Brevet Brigadier General.  
Noah W. Mills, Lieutenant-Colonel Second Iowa Infantry, commissioned Colonel but not mustered.  
J. L. Geddes, Colonel Eighth Infantry, Brevet Brigadier General.  
Joseph B. Reed, Captain Second Iowa Battery.



**THE ARTILLERYMAN.**  
As personified on the Iowa Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument.

be *personal* or *impersonal*? And this question has caused more discussion than any other thus far presented for the consideration of the Commission. To have made all of them impersonal might have been easier for the artist. It certainly would have been less perplexing for the Commission. And it would have obviated some possible heart-burnings on the part of some otherwise worthy soldiers on account of their not having been selected for personation. But impersonation in art, as simple and desirable as it evidently seems to its advocates, would not, in this case, have been free from perplexity, in view of the command of the General Assembly to so construct this monument as to perpetuate the appreciation of the Iowa people of the *patriotism, courage and soldierly bearing* of the Iowa Union Soldiers as manifested during the War of the Rebellion. Any artist might well hesitate to attempt to produce such a figure to the satisfaction of the more than two million people now residing in Iowa. And any Commission composed of six or eight citizens might well hesitate to decide that the artist undertaking a task so doubtful had or had not succeeded fairly well in such an attempt.

To be a satisfactory impersonal representation of the more than eighty thousand Iowa soldiers it would have to be a perfect type of *manhood*, and a personification of *courage, of patriotism, of intelligence, of justice, of generosity, of wisdom, and of sovereignty*, for every citizen of Iowa is a sovereign ruler.

None of the artists of antiquity appear to have succeeded in the creation of such a multipotent impersonation. The idea of a type of perfect manhood was their Apollo,—a perfect soldier was their Mars, —of wisdom, their Minerva,—of a sovereign ruler, their Jupiter,—and so on to the end of their vast field of impersonations; and no two of them looked alike. Nor is it probable that Alcibiades himself, the conceded prince of sculptors, were he now living, would be able to create a statue of an impersonal or ideal soldier

that any one of the eighty and more thousand of Iowa veterans would be willing to accept as a fitting representation of himself.

One practical method out of this perplexity would be to do as the Commission has done, viz.: Call an Iowa Infantry Soldier who has been a good citizen, and who has served with distinction in the Union Army and, placing him as a model before the artist, say, "Look at him and copy him in sculptor's clay, and, when approved by the Commission, put it in plaster of paris, and send it to the foundry to be cast in bronze." Then, calling a Cavalryman of like character, say to the artist, "Copy him"; and in like manner an Artilleryman, and a Sailor. And to make assurance double sure, call several from every grade from private up to Major General.

In this method, with such models, the Commission will have succeeded practically and truthfully in representing on the monument the splendid manhood, the unbending courage, the sublime patriotism, the practical wisdom, the unceasing persistence and the unfaltering endurance of the Iowa Union Soldier. With such models errors would seem to be impossible, unless God erred in their creation, or unless the Commission shall have erred in making unworthy selections of specimens.

But it would not comport with sentiments of love and respect for those who have fallen to exclude all of them from this personation. Hence some of them were selected and the artist was instructed to do the best he could by the use of photographs, the representations of relatives and friends, and other available personal description. Thus *three* of the four equestrian statues personate deceased soldiers; as do a large per cent of the medallions. This action of the Commission appears to meet with general approval. And this generous feeling, on the part of living heroes of the War of the Rebellion, towards their departed comrades, has been so exuberant in some instances as to have lead several

of the G. A. R. Posts to adopt resolutions recommending the exclusion of all others from representation on this monument. But on reflection it is probable that they will perceive that the tenderness of their hearts, in this instance, has overthrown the soundness of their heads. If this monument were being erected exclusively by the survivors of the War, the suggested self-abnegation of the living in favor of their dead comrades would certainly be a manifestation of exemplary good taste. For it would be difficult to imagine an Iowa Union Soldier engaged in self-gloryification. With one common voice they would all say, "If we have done anything worthy of commendation, let others speak of it, but not we ourselves."

But this monument is not being erected by the soldiers to perpetuate their own fame; but by the State of Iowa, to commemorate the appreciation of all her people of the good conduct of their fellow citizens in the War of the Rebellion. And if the State, which they all served so gloriously, should find that some of those who were not killed in battle were equally meritorious with those who fell by their side, and should select some of them together with some of the departed, as representatives, those who are still living will have no cause to blush on account of supposed immodesty on their part. They did not select themselves for these positions. But the use of these veritable heroes themselves, as models by the artist under the direction of the Commission, in the execution of this work, instead of taxing his own imagination and genius in the production of allegorical figures to represent them, was not intended to imply that those selected were any better than tens of thousands of their comrades. They are treated simply as representatives of all who served and were honorably discharged. And, as all of the eighty odd thousand could not be used, those not invited to sit for the artist will all probably feel, without the slightest twinge of envy or jealousy, that they are properly

represented by worthy comrades. But if there should be an exception, that fact will demonstrate that the Commission made no mistake in omitting him from these personations. For it is the province of the artist to reveal *character* as well as figure in this sort of art work. And no one would wish to see *envy* and *jealousy* gleaming from the bronze faces placed on the Iowa Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. That would be a scandalous misrepresentation of the noble and generous character of Iowa's Union Soldiers.

Those thus selected as representatives to aid the artist, as hereinbefore mentioned, in the creation of soldier figures and faces, have had no reference to military organizations, such as companies, regiments, brigades, batteries or squadrons, nor to counties, towns, cities or districts. Such a distribution was impossible on account of lack of space on the monument on which to place such a large number of representatives.

In the opinion of the writer of this article, the State has been fortunate in the character of its artists. The original design, produced by the late Harriet A. Ketcham, has been commended by the profession and art connoisseurs everywhere. And the execution of the art work in detail by her successor, Carl Rohl-Smith, is equally satisfactory to the Commission, and apparently to all others who have seen so much of it as has been completed. And it is not doubted that the entire structure, with its embellishments, when finished, will be as beautiful and satisfactory as anything of its character now in existence, either at home or abroad, constructed for so small a sum of money. It is regrettable that it could not have been more massive and imposing. But this was impossible without the expenditure of more money than the General Assembly deemed wise for the present to appropriate for this purpose.

Its dimensions in detail as furnished by the Secretary, D. N. Richardson, copied from the architect's scale drawings, are as follows, viz.:



**THE CAVALRY.**  
As personified on the Iowa Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument.

	FT.	IN.
Size of old capitol lot on which the monument stands.....	160	x100 ..
Distance of base from 10th Street curb.....	20 ..	
Distance of base from Walnut Street curb.....	60 ..	
Distance from Alley.....	60 ..	
Height of platform base above curb.....	6	19-10 ..
Height of platform.....	5	02 ..
Square of platform at base.....	60 ..	
Base course above platform.....	3	02 ..
Star course.....	3	06 ..
Column course.....	10	06 ..
Frieze course.....	2	08 ..
Pediment course.....	8	.. ..
Top die course.....	3	02 ..
Height of top die.....	3	08 ..
Piloth course.....	3	02 ..
Shaft base course.....	10	06 ..
Anchor fillet course.....	17	04 ..
Height top anchor fillet.....	3	04 ..
First band of shaft.....	13	04 ..
Shaft.....	2	03 ..
Second band of shaft.....	13	04 ..
Shaft.....	2	03 ..
Third band of shaft.....	13	04 ..
Shaft.....	12	10 ..
Capital.....	22	.. ..
Status of the Goddess of Victory.....	113 ..	
Height from bottom of lower step of monument to top of granite shaft.....	135 ..	
Total height to top of Victory.....	135 ..	

The massive lower portion of the monument rising from the great platform, and which supports the shaft, is a quadrangle and quadrilateral; each of the four sides or faces being a rectangle bordered by monolith columns. Four equestrian statues of eminent Iowa soldiers will be placed near its summit. The pediment will bear four medallions of four others. And thirty-two will be placed on the frieze. Four colossal pedestrian statues will be placed on the platform below, in their distinctive panoply, to represent, as before stated, each arm of the military service, Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery and Marine. One of the sides or faces of this bulky part of the monument will bear a battle scene in bas-relief representing a column of Iowa troops charging over the Confederate works at the battle of Fort Donelson; and on the opposite side, a similar bas-relief intended to represent their happy and triumphal return to Iowa, at the close of the war, with Victory joyfully poised above their heads, to receive the congratulations of their fellow citizens at the State Capital. Adjacent to one of the remaining sides and resting on the platform in full view of the capitol, will be placed a colossal allegorical statue of Iowa, in an attitude and bearing a motto

intended to suggest to the spectator some one of her great characteristics. And adjacent to the remaining side, and also resting on the platform, will be placed a group of two figures, a mother and son, in honor of the patriotic work of Iowa women during the War of the Rebellion; the matron holding a book or scroll in her hand in the attitude of teaching her son the meaning of the surrounding art work, and also a history of the War for the Union.

The leading thought suggested by the entire structure may be said to be the courageous and effective service of Iowa's citizen soldiers in the field to enforce the laws and to preserve the Union, and their joyous return to their quiet homes, with Victory hovering over their heads, preferring peace to the circumstance and panoply of war, after having won its highest honors.

In concluding this article it remains only to be said that of the six members of the Board of Commissioners originally appointed by the General Assembly, only two, Messrs. Richardson and Harlan, are now in its service. Hon. George G. Wright, to the regret of all his associates on the Commission, after performing faithful and valuable service, resigned. Ex-Governor Kirkwood and Hon. Edward Johnstone have been called to their final reward. And Governor Larrabee has ceased to be a member by expiration of his term of service as Chief Executive of the State.

Of the two members added by the Twenty-third General Assembly, one, Hon. L. E. Mitchell, has also resigned. Governors Boies and Jackson, members *ex-officio*, have also retired by expiration of their successive executive terms. The vacancies caused by death and resignation have been filled, from time to time as they occurred, by executive appointment.

The Commission is now composed of the following persons, mentioned in the order of their appointment, viz.: The Governor of Iowa (*ex-officio*), James Harlan, D. L. Richardson, E. Townsend, H. H. Trin le, Cora C. Weed, C. H. Gatch, J. F. Merry.

## HAVANA AS IT IS.

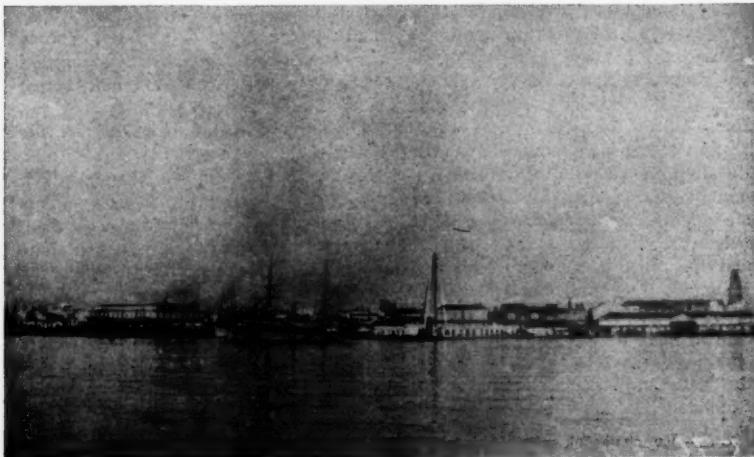
A PEN-PICTURE OF THE CUBAN CAPITAL.

BY ED. L. SABIN.

SIXTEEN days out of Baltimore we sighted the Cuban coast, and sailing westward we skirted the hills until Castle Morro was ahead. Up to this time the only glimpses of life had been white villas nestling far up on some hillside back from the shore, or a few small fishing boats drifting idly. Now as we rounded to, and dropped anchor off the mouth of the harbor, we could see the metropolis with its buildings showing white in the sunlight. The mouth of the harbor is so narrow, and the hills on the east are so high, that the city was wholly hidden from view until we were directly opposite it.

The stars and stripes were hoisted into the shrouds. This is the customary signal that a vessel desires a pilot, but our captain was not sure that it would hold good in "such a bloody country as this." But it did. A furious squall came up over the hills. The Spanish flags of Morro and its companions, Forts San Diego and

Cabana, streamed flat against the black sky, with the red and yellow thrown out in strong relief. In the midst of the blinding rain a pilot boat shot out from the harbor, and we all tumbled up from the hold to gaze at the strangers. By the time the boat arrived the schooner was slowly gathering way. After carefully inquiring if all on board were well, the pilot climbed up. He was a short, heavy-set, swarthy Spaniard, and could speak no English. Cap'n Charlie could speak no Spanish, consequently the two had a very enlivening — and, to us, very amusing — conversation. "Hard-a-lee" and "luff" were the only available phrases in stock, but they answered the purpose. With the long pilot boat and its slicker-enveloped crew in tow, the Emily skimmed between the lines of buoys to her resting place in the center of the great *cul de sac* forming the harbor. Then came the bumboats and the customs officers.



HAVANA AS SEEN FROM THE HARBOR.

Havana harbor is one of the best in the world—and the dirtiest. The entrance is very narrow, and the course for vessels is marked by buoys. On the east point Castle Morro towers threateningly over the incoming ships.

This stronghold was begun in 1589 by Philip II. of Spain. A bloody and historic record has been written within its walls, but Spain guards her secrets well. A few soldiers are stationed here, and their lips are sealed. No foreign visitors are allowed within the confines. This is by a recent order. A person once imprisoned in these walls is as completely lost as though in the hands of the Inquisition of the middle ages. The castle extends far below the sea, and there are dungeons here that never have been and probably never will be explored,—at least not in the memory of the present generation. O, strange tales are told of old Morro Castle! But to hear them you must inquire outside of Havana.

On the sea-front of the fort is a lighthouse. Eastward is a stretch of hills, with Forts San Diego and Cabana on their tops. Back of Morro, lining the harbor for a short distance, are more hills, heavily fortified, with some half-ruined stone buildings, a sugar refinery, and other business enterprises at their feet. Opposite Morro is a battery of huge cannon, and the remainder of the harbor's shore is occupied with docks, wharves, and the city. Havana harbor is capable of giving safe anchorage to a thousand vessels. It does not appear so large at first sight. But after it broadens into a basin, it extends back in a series of loops well calculated to deceive the eye. The flags of many nations were flying over the surface of the water and, among them all, I verily believe the stars and stripes was the prettiest. It excited the most comment from the citizens, too.

I said the harbor is dirty. So it is, but it would be unbearable if there were not such stringent laws against throwing refuse into it. Every vessel, when it enters the harbor, is at once provided with a formidable set of regulations, printed in

English, French and Spanish. When these rules have been digested, the placard is to be returned. Vessels going in or out of the harbor are required to have a pilot, and must pay a fee. By a special privilege, however, we were permitted to move as we pleased.

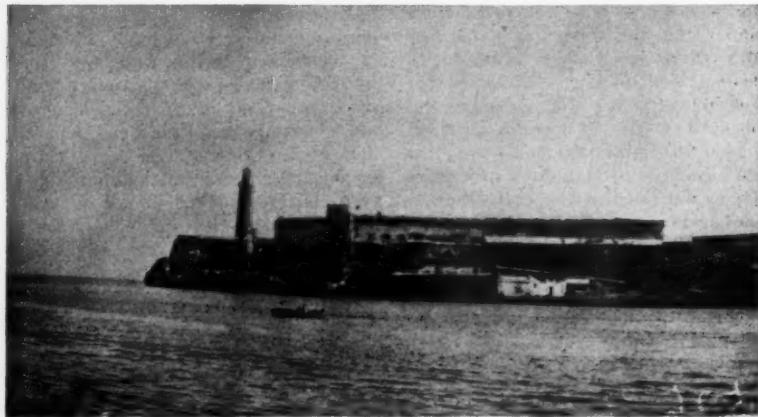
The traveler by sea is introduced to Havana and its people through the medium of the bumboat man. The instant a vessel comes to anchor a multitude of small craft dart out from the shore and from every direction in the basin, and crowd around her. The scene resembles piratical feluccas attacking an East India merchant ship. These bumboats have fruits and tobacco for sale. The boats are the size of a dory, with an awning over the stern, and a seat running along the gunwale. There is a sail, and at the head of the mast is a little streamer. Each bumboat man has a device of his own for a pennant. When the wind fails the men push at the oars, instead of pulling, standing up to it. These modern pirates calmly attach their painter to the vessel's side, or throw the rope up to the first person they see, and then they climb on board and insist on taking you ashore for fifty cents. A quarter closes the deal. If you refuse to go, they perch themselves along the rail and sit there. Our first night we did not leave the schooner, as our passports were not ready. But the bumboat men stayed with us. They smoked innumerable cigarettes, and made comments in Spanish. Many of the visitors were handsome fellows, dark-eyed, swarthy, with loose shirts open at the neck, and with little red caps. They remained till ten at night, and were back at four in the morning.

We had a position in the center of the harbor. Three white gunboats, Spanish, swung at anchor between us and the city. Exercises were gone through with every day. The sailors were all so dark, ranging from creole and Portuguese to negro, that the sight of the tars clad in their snowy uniforms, swarming the yards, was a very pretty one. Each hour and half-hour the bells on the cruisers and other

vessels around us sounded, and the tones combined to form a chime. Bugles on the men-of-war were actively in use from sunrise to eight in the evening. In addition to the calls, a musician is ever seated in the stern of his gunboat, tooting every note in the tactics. The forts answer, and the atmosphere quavers until the harbor resembles a huge military encampment. Guns are constantly popping as the appearance of some dignitary demands a ceremony. Tugs and small craft are darting to and fro all over the water. Here is a man-of-war cutter bearing a half-dozen officers to the wharf. The sailors pull with a machine-like motion, resting a few seconds after each stroke. There is a dirty scow, with a dirtier sail, urged on by two coolies, nearly naked. A score of bumboats rush for a great steamer that has just come in. The fin of a shark is always in sight. The shark acts as scavenger in the filthy water, as the buzzard does in the equally filthy streets of the city—the two are the salvation of Havana.

The docks are fascinating places. First on the south is the government wharf. It is of white stone, extending a few feet above the water. Surrounding it are barracks and government buildings. A

marine guards the entrance at an archway on the north. Then begin the wharves and the shipping. For a quarter of a mile is a forest of masts. Hundreds of barks and brigs have their noses against the planks,—great black-hulled vessels from Madrid, Barcelona and Liverpool, and bearing the names *Conception*, *Marcellus* and *Manuel*. The holds are open, and freight of all descriptions is being loaded or unloaded—coffee, tobacco, fruits, and many varieties of strange appearing and strange smelling things. On the decks foreign sailors are lounging or eating, and drinking hearty draughts of red wine. Along the front of the wharf extends a plank walk, and queer figures pass up and down,—brawny, bearded tars, Spanish seamen, negroes, creoles, Lascars, Portuguese, all clad in picturesque attire and all smacking of the sea. On the other side of the passageway are enormous piles of goods, with narrow aisles between, and a roof over them. Chattering Spanish officials, ship chandlers, clerks, merchants and laborers whisk around or gather in gesticulating groups, while lazy negro deck-hands lie stretched out in shaded spots. Mules are standing along the platform, waiting for their carts to be loaded. These mules



THE HISTORIC CASTLE OF MORRO,  
Commanding the entrance to the Harbor at Havana.



BATTLEMENTS BACK OF CASTLE MORRO, DEFENDING THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.

are the beasts of burden of Havana. I rarely saw a horse used for that labor. The mules are harnessed with all a Spaniard's love for display, the bridles decorated with big red tassels. If more than one mule is needed, the animals are hitched in a line, one behind another. I have seen six arranged in this fashion. The poor brutes are yanked around in a cold-blooded way. Ox teams, yoked so as to pull with their horns, are very common.

The streets of Havana are the width of an alley in an American city. Two vehicles have just room to pass each other. Stone paving, similar to rubble, causes carriages to clatter furiously. Walks are three feet wide, and we are continually being crowded off by Spaniards and Cubans, Chinamen and mulattoes, creoles and negroes. Here and there we meet a Frenchman or an American, and less frequently an Englishman.

The buildings along the streets, that is, the dwellings in the center of the city, extend boldly to the narrow stone walk. Iron gratings constitute the doors and windows. Thus the rooms are ventilated. The passer-by can view the whole interior

of the structures, and gets a good idea of the private affairs of the family. On account of these iron bars a Havana house in the old portion of the city resembles a jail. In the new city are large, handsome dwellings, spacious grounds and wide streets. But this is not typical Havana.

The stores and shops of the city are small. Often a raised platform, sheltered by awnings, extends in front, and a succession of them forms a shady promenade. There are no alleys in Havana, and the buildings stretch without a break from one intersecting street to the next.

The great Havana market is where the visitor opens his eyes. An upper floor and a lower open on all sides and under a roof. It covers a good sized block. All Havana is here buying its dinner and other supplies. There are a multitude of booths, containing fruits of the tropics, fish, meats, leather goods, jewelry, and curios such as only a seaport mart can pick up. The human beings who preside here are representatives of every nation on the globe, with a sprinkling of nondescripts.

The hotels are built around a court, so that every room has direct communica-

tion with the open air. A terrace often encircles the upper story (the second), and on it are shrubbery and plants, and maybe a few parrots. Here is a most comfortable place to sit; indeed, the majority of the citizens of Havana spend part of their time on their housetops. They dry clothes here and use the space for a back yard.

At the hotels, as at many private houses, two meals a day are served; breakfast in the late morning, and dinner in the evening. Coffee can be had shortly after rising. Wine is freely drank. Candles serve as illumination when you retire, and cockroaches, and insects peculiar to the bed, are violently familiar companions. I saw gigantic cockroaches in Havana—sleek, grey-headed old villains leading long processions across brick walls.

Havana has three car lines. The cars are large and are drawn by the omnipresent mule. When a person is obliged to use one of the vehicles he usually buys a novel to read while *en route*. I saw ten people in a car, and every one of them was reading.

Pretty parks are numerous. They are the rendezvous, evenings, for everybody

who can go out of doors. Every drive is a boulevard, every walk a promenade.

When we were in the city the sole topic of conversation was the fever. Everybody speculates about its coming, and accepts the event as a necessary evil. As we rested in the harbor, where the odors of water and city meet, we began to talk of the disease, and wondered why it had not come before, with such a standing invitation. The tourist with a sensitive proboscis ought to stay away from Havana in the summer time.

The first thing we saw in Havana was a cigarette. But it was a good one, as are nearly all the cigarettes here. The amount of tobacco consumed in the city is enormous. The American youth can here learn to roll a cigarette, for the motion is a fine art. The bumboat man is the most inveterate user of the little cylinder, and as a general rule he makes his own. He never watches his fingers, and is apparently oblivious of what he is doing. He does not wet the edge of the paper to make it stick. That is bad form. But he rolls quickly, smokes the production in about five puffs, and fashions another one. He does this all day.

Everybody in Havana loves the cigarette. Middle aged men of all classes, as well as the young men. The paper is of three kinds, white, yellow and brown. The stranger usually prefers the white or cotton paper. The best grade cigarettes are of pure tobacco and they are of excellent



A SPANISH SOLDIER-POLICEMAN OF HAVANA.

flavor. They are put up fourteen in a package, and a wheel of thirty-three packages costs one dollar. An English gentleman in Havana told me that he smoked on an average five packages of cigarettes a day, and two or three cigars. Cigars are very cheap. A Henry Clay, than which there is no finer cigar in the world, can be bought here at \$5.50 a hundred. No wonder everyone smokes. Men, boys and women have big black cigars in their mouths. One of the most disgusting of sights is an old hag hobbling along and puffing at a badly chewed weed.

The Cubans and Spaniards in Havana are the most courteous people I have ever met. They never smile at a stranger's efforts to be understood, but exert themselves to be of service. They are a jovial set, too. Ask a half naked, ragged loafer for a light: he not only finds a box of matches, but lights the match, shelters it from the wind, and applies it to the end of your cigarette.

I walked along the dock with a camera. With a gleam of his white teeth, a Portuguese stripling posed for me, and a crowd of sailors from off a Barcelona bark and a stern faced Spanish official stopped work to see the operation. They all peeped into the finders and were as tickled as children at the images portrayed there. When I snapped the shutter at a comrade of theirs, who was not aware of the act, my rapidly increasing audience tumbled over one another in merriment. It is amusing to watch a party of Creoles talking. They use arms and hands and every muscle of the face. Teeth flash, dark eyes shine, violent gestures are made, and everyone works himself seemingly into a high pitch of excitement.

Civilians are scarce in Havana. The first person we encountered on attempting to land at the government wharf was a marine. He ordered us away. His uniform was a grayish blue blouse, and trousers of the same color, with a broad dark-blue stripe down the outside seam. His fatigue cap was white. He was armed with rifle and revolver. Soldiers stand two on every corner. They are the

police. The uniform is the same blue as the marine's, but the blouse, trousers and blue cap are trimmed with crimson. A sword and heavy revolver, and sometimes a rifle, constitute the equipment. The Spanish government officials around the docks are dressed in cutaway suits of the prevailing blue. A wide-brimmed straw hat, looped up at one side with a cockade, is a familiar headgear.

There are many other uniforms—cavalry, artillery, officers, etc. You cannot walk five steps without meeting one. All these distinctive raiments are neat, but look very cheap beside the dress of a United States soldier or marine. The cloth resembles cambric and is porous and cool. However, it fits the wearer well, he is always clean, and his shoes are blacked. The men are not as well set up as the Americans. In fact, the men are not as robust as our countrymen. They are sallow and thin. This is the rule with very few exceptions. It may be the climate, and it may be the excessive smoking.

With all his politeness and kindness, the Havana citizen looks on the American as legitimate prey. If you have the misfortune to be of that nationality your fate is sealed. You cannot hide your identity. You walk too fast and you are too straight. Even the very children on the street recognize you. The boatman charges you fifty cents, when the ordinary price is only twenty. Figures on fruit and all merchandise rise alarmingly when the American approaches.

One thing Havana has that is cheap, besides tobacco, and the price of which never varies. Stand in what part of the city you may, and you can obtain a carriage instantly. It is shaped like a small Victoria. There are hundreds of the vehicles scattered over the city. The drivers are not solicitous of patronage, as is the cabbie we all know so well. This man dozes on his seat, and sees no one. If you want his services, make a strong sibilant sound through your teeth, and beckon to him. He will take you anywhere in the city limits for twenty cents.

Strange to say, the fare for two is the same as for one passenger.

Why a Havanese persists in wearing a white "biled" shirt on the hottest days of the summer is a mystery. The weather then is sweltering, but one-half the men I saw were clad in that abominable gear. The collars were often wilted, and there were evidences of dirt. The foreigner, before stepping on shore, makes haste to put on his coolest negligé attire, and he does not regret it. But he is out of style. That half of the population who do not wear white shirts are in the habit of placing their shirt flaps outside their trousers, or discarding the shirt altogether.

Havana is a great place in which to study the nude. Little children, not so very little either, run around on the business streets in a most Edenlike state of simplified raiment, and men and women of the laboring classes are economically clad. But no resident notices these small deficiencies in the matter of clothes. The well-bred stranger opens his eyes and says nothing. But he does expostulate at the sanitary conditions.

The places of business are many of

them dark, and from the only opening, the grated door, come the most sickening smells, of which the basis is decaying fruit and tobacco. The streets are lined with refuse in a state of decomposition. Owing to this uncleanliness, and the vices of the people—for Havana is a wicked place—disease gains an easy foothold.

I would advise anyone contemplating a visit to Cuba to acquire a speaking knowledge of the Spanish language, though there are interpreters at the principal hotels, and they are very kind. The one whom six of us employed piloted us around, engaged the carriages, showed the sights, did all our purchasing, and, for the life of me, I do not see where he made any money, his bill agreed so closely with our estimates of our expenses. Without an interpreter a stranger is sure to be cheated.

Bull fights are an occasional Sunday pastime, but are held on only extraordinary holidays. The Cuban and Spaniard, however, must gamble, and on every Sunday horse-racing, cocking-mains and ball games attract the hot-blooded youth. Give a Cuban a cigarette, a pair of patent leathers and liquor and he is satisfied. In regard to the last essential he is easily pleased. Open cafés are abundant. There, at one of the little round tables, the seeker after bliss can sit and quaff brandy cocktails at ten cents a glass, and St. Louis bottled beer for the same money, and a hun-



A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN HAVANA.

dred other concoctions, many of them unknown in the North. Dominoes are the popular means of gambling in these cafés. I have seen thirty tables in a drinking place filled, and the occupants a playing dominoes.

Havana is filled with spies of the government, and the Cubans are under strict surveillance. A stranger, unless his business is very pronounced, is looked upon with suspicion. An American, as the inhabitants of the United States are called, cannot be too careful what he says and what he does. The Havanese, some of them, laugh when they see such precautions, but the knowing ones admit their force.

Cuba is a beautiful and fertile island. Spain guards it jealously lest Uncle Sam should whisper to the Cubans, "Come." The Spanish there think the United States wants Cuba. The natives hope so. While I was in Havana I was questioned many times on the subject of annexation. There was considerable speculation why a party of Americans should visit Cuba in the summer time. One dried-up individual, claiming to be from Baltimore, who insisted on acting as interpreter for me, was positive that we were sent out by the United States to gather information. He was a most disagreeable and



IN THE OLD PART OF THE CITY OF HAVANA.

dangerous companion, and I lost him in a café. It was about this time that the northern papers were running wild over a Key West filibustering expedition — a fake sensation that keeps the Spanish officials in a whirl.

We were at Bahia Honda, a bay on the Cuban coast, thirty miles west of Havana. Here it is expected such expeditions will land if they are sent out. This is where the frequent revolutions are bred. Rebels are swarming in the mountains. Said a big, black-bearded patriot to me, when we left, "We want this island to ourselves, and we intend to get it, too." He was planning to go to the United States and become naturalized, then to return and aid his countrymen. But Spain is on the alert and has thus far crushed every insurrection. It remains to be seen whether this latest insurrection, now grown to the proportions of a revolution, can be put down like the rest. With Havana in her power, Spain rules Cuba.

## A DAY IN EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH CASTLE — HOLYROOD PALACE — ARTHUR'S SEAT.

THE EDITOR ABROAD. XXI.

AFTER all one has previously heard and read in praise of Edinburgh, that city is nevertheless a delightful surprise. Many other cities bear a resemblance one to another. There is but one Edinburgh. And you needn't spend weeks learning it, as one must laboriously learn London or Rome. It interests you at once, and you leave it with a strange fondness and regret. The regret is not so much that you haven't seen everything in the city. It is more because you would like to stay and enjoy it all over again, would like to see it in all its moods and in all seasons.

Edinburgh stands well up from the Firth of Forth upon an irregular plateau. Rising far above the city on our right, as we look out of our hotel window on Princes Street, is Edinburgh Castle, the grandest relic of mediæval times in all Great Britain.

Looming still farther above the city, to the left, is Arthur's Seat, around which peak extends the famous Queen's Drive.

Still farther to the left, yet much nearer than the peak referred to, is Calton Hill, with its observatory and monuments in classic Greek and Roman architecture.

Below us, just across the street, extending far to the right and left are the Princes Street gardens, sunk thirty feet or more below the level of the street. The park is beautifully green, and here and there gorgeous with foliage plants and flowers. It is bridged at several points. The solid masonry, the wide bridges thronged with people and vehicles, the quaint old town of Edinburgh rising from the walls upon the south side of this long stretch of green, street rising above street on and up the hill until the outer walls of the castle are reached; the Greek columns of the Royal Institute and the National Gallery framing the picture in on the right; and beneath our window the beautiful Princes

Street, unsurpassed anywhere in combined beauty of outlook,—altogether it is a charming picture, giving the traveler a degree of delight rarely experienced.

Right before us, so near as to escape our attention at first, stands the famous and much pictured monument to the memory of Scott, a beautiful Gothic structure replete with sculptured representations from the works of Sir Walter, the central figure of which is a statue of the great poet and novelist sitting in a thoughtful mood, as he was wont to sit when thinking out his work, his favorite hound by his side.

The afternoon was bright as the morning had been dark. We crossed Waverly Bridge over the park and climbed the hill to the south, stopping to look up at the quaint old tenement houses, most of them very narrow and running up four or five stories in the air. Out of the windows of many of the upper rooms was strung the week's washing, giving the narrow streets of old Edinboro Town a grotesque appearance, as though there had recently been a general hanging.

Edinburgh Castle is still an occupied fortress. Upon its walls pace sentries in gay Highland costume. It is an institution of to-day, and yet, aside from its beauty of situation, its chief interest is its past. The view from the walls is fascinating. The city seems at your mercy just below.

In every direction for miles are to be seen the towns that dot the valley of the Forth. To the north extends the Firth of Forth, a great arm of the sea, spanned by a marvelous bridge.

Edinburgh Castle stands upon a rock four hundred and thirty feet above the town. The rock slopes off gradually on the east toward the old town, but rises almost perpendicularly on the other three

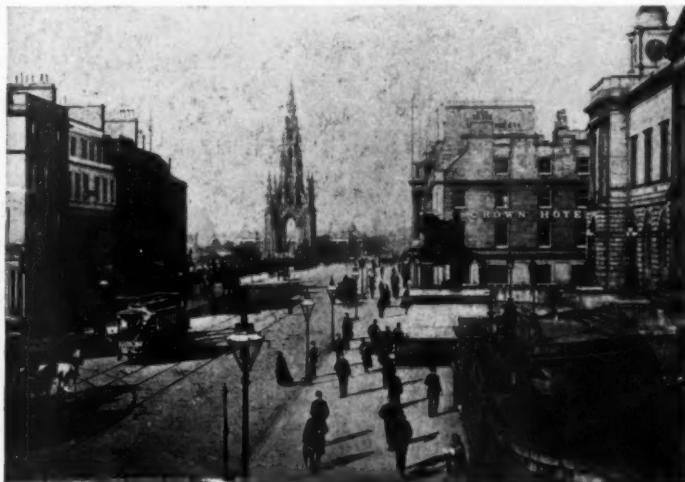
sides. It is entered by a draw-bridge. Crossing the old moat and passing under the portcullis, we follow the main road to the highest point inside the walls.

We visit the Crown Room and look at the rich Scottish regalia studded with gems, valueless now to those who once wore them so proudly. We take a turn through Queen Mary's room, and inwardly protest against the recent reboarding of its walls. We enter the little room in which James I. of England was born, some four hundred years ago. From its one window we look down several hundred feet

patch between projecting rocks, we, too, looked over, expecting to see the names of soldiers buried there; but, to our surprise, the slabs set up were found to be sacred to the memory of "Ned" and "Tabby" and other company cats that had died on duty in the barracks inside the fortification. Some of the inscriptions were almost pathetic.

Four o'clock came; the gun was fired; the hundred or more visitors leisurely filed out, and the massive doors were locked.

The gorgeous Highlanders on guard in



PRINCES STREET.  
Monument to the Memory of Sir Walter Scott in the Distance.

into the street below. We look into the old Parliament Hall, and regret that they hadn't postponed its restoration until after our visit. We stand reverently in St. Margaret's Chapel, the oldest building in Edinburgh, having been erected in the Twelfth Century. Its low ceiling and plain stone furnishings speak eloquently of the simplicity of old-time worship in the Castle.

How the sublime and the ridiculous get mixed together, even in this historic place! Observing a number of visitors looking over the wall into a little burial

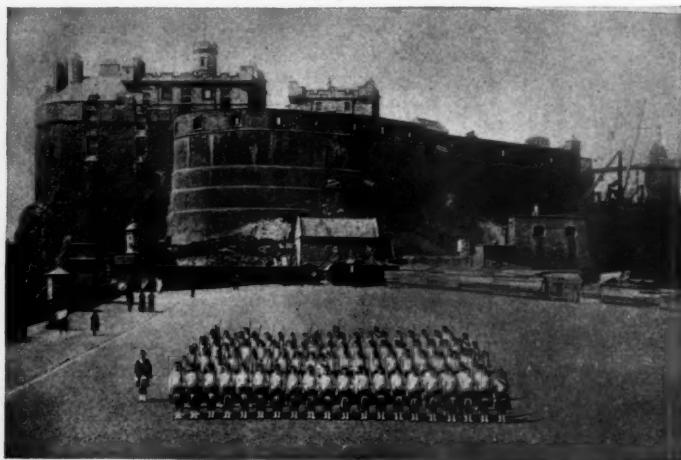
front of the entrance marched rather more briskly to keep their bare legs warm, for though the sun shone brightly, there was a slight chill in the air. We walked through quaint old High Street and Canongate down the hill to the east, past many buildings of rare historic interest. St. Giles's Church with its lantern tower is a Twelfth Century relic. Here Charles I. attempted to reestablish the Scottish Episcopal Church. It was in this building that Jenny Geddes threw her stool at Dean Hanna. The stool in

the museum still witnesses the audacious act. A figure of a heart in the pavement marks the site of the old Tolbooth, in which Jeanie Deans, the heroine of Scott's "Heart of Midlothian," was long imprisoned.

Near an equestrian statue of Charles II. is a stone in the pavement, inscribed "J. K., 1572," marking the grave of John Knox. Across the street, farther down, is the home of the great reformer, with its projecting front and its scriptural inscriptions. We pass Parliament House, the former seat of the Scotland parlia-

ment than the rest. Holyrood Abbey, or all that is left of it, connects with the palace on the left and well back from the front. The solemn grandeur of the palace is enhanced by the ruined abbey, a noble and beautiful structure, even in ruins.

We stop in wonder, scarcely able to realize that we are standing in the presence of the Holyrood which witnessed the glad advent and tragic downfall of Mary Queen of Scots, the murder of Rizzio in the Queen's presence, the coronation of Charles I., the banqueting of



EDINBURGH CASTLE—HIGHLANDERS IN REVIEW.

ment, now the high seat of Scottish justice. We pass Canongate Church, with its old churchyard, in which lies all that's left of Adam Smith, the great pioneer free trade theorist. If he could hear all the vagaries which our modern political economists preach in his name, he might not sleep as peacefully as he does!

We have now reached the plains, and to the southeast stands Holyrood Palace, the chief point of historic interest in the city. The palace is a large and gloomy edifice, free from ornamentation, except in a profusion of turrets and towers. The northwest portion is evidently more an-

assassins with their victims in the outraged name of friendship, and deeds of violence which make the history of three and four hundred years ago a record of criminal baseness almost without parallel in infamy.

We pass a guard and, paying a small entrance fee, enter a solemn and awfully silent quadrangle which looks out into a large courtyard. We instinctively lower our tones lest we disturb the ghosts of Rizzio, Darnley, Bothwell, Ruthven and the rest.

We first enter the long picture gallery, a modern addition, built in 1671 under

the command of Charles II., after the fire which occurred during Cromwell's occupancy of the building. The room is alive with portraits of 110 of the reputed kings of Scotland, painted on contract by De Witt, a Flemish artist, in 1684. This is the ball-room of "The Pretender," in which the great ball was given described by Scott in "Waverly." We escape from the presence of the 110, and from the depressing effect of the modern ceiling and furnishings, and are soon in the rooms appropriated by Lord Darnley, the young scapegrace whose handsome face

another stairway, stepping upon stones worn down by centuries of use, and enter the apartments of Queen Mary.

The audience chamber is hung with tapestry which has been dulled by time. Here is the bed of Charles I. It was once magnificent; but the curtains of velvet are moth-eaten and mouldering, fitting commentary on kingly greatness. The furniture is of the time of Charles I. In this room occurred Queen Mary's disputes with John Knox, disputes in which the tough-hearted reformer is said to have more than once driven the Queen to tears.



HISTORIC HIGH STREET — CHURCH OF JOHN KNOX ON THE LEFT.

and figure won the beautiful queen to a wretched marriage, which was the first of a series of sad mistakes that together make the tragedy of Marie Stuart's life.

We are now in the oldest part of the castle. The audience room contains three time-worn and gray specimens of ancient tapestry. To the left is Lord Darnley's bedroom, furnished with an inlaid cabinet and ancient chairs.

Queen Mary's private stairway leads up from a turret room on the right to the Queen's apartments. By this way the assassins of Rizzio, the Queen's secretary, ascended to Mary's room. We ascend

We enter Queen Mary's bedroom. The bed still stands there. Its decayed hangings are of crimson damask, with green silk figures and tassels. One cannot stand in this room, so suggestive of tragedy, without being deeply impressed. On the north side of the room is a small door by which the assassins, in conspiracy with Darnley, entered, and thence proceeded to the little supper room where the bloody deed was done upon which turned the fate of the unhappy Queen.

We enter the little tapestried dressing room, only about ten feet square; thence to the small supper room. It requires no

very vivid imagination to picture the historic scene; the rude disturbance of the feast, the consternation of the Queen and her guests, the overthrown table, the scattered food, the crouching Italian, the indignant Queen restrained by Darnley, the blow struck by the savage Ruthven over the shoulder of his Queen, the quick succession of blows which followed as the body was borne out to the top of the staircase where the victim expired, the return of the blood-covered Ruthven to the supper chamber and his demand for wine to slake his thirst.

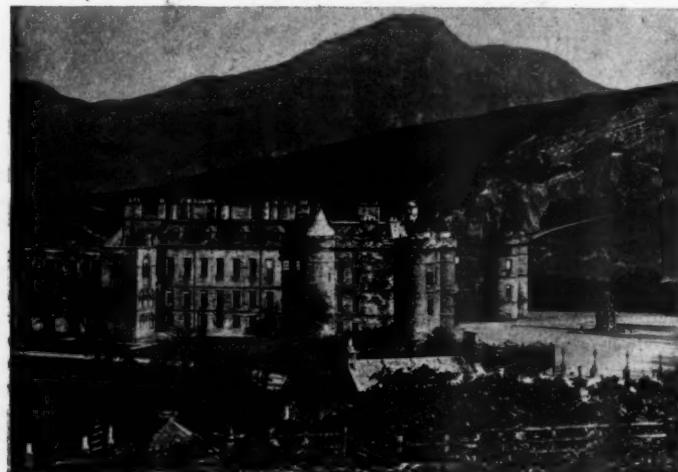
We are much indebted to the big, burly, pompous but kind old attendant for breaking the spell by his serio-comic description of the events above referred to. I cannot imitate his voice, accent, intonation or solemn visage; but this is a faint suggestion of his interesting description:

"'Ere we 'ave the bed upon w'ich 'is Majesty Chawles the First repos'd w'ile a resident of the Palace. 'Ere, on this spot, fell the Eyetalian secretary of the Queen, pierced by more than fifty wounds — yes, mum, upon this very spot w'ich you see is still discolored by his blood; I roun'bed it up this mornin'."

We descend and enter the Chapel Royal, the sole remaining portion of the great Monastery of Holyrood. The choir and transept are totally obliterated, and the nave which alone remains is roofless. The great Gothic windows, ideally beautiful, and the Gothic architecture of the walls, together preëminently suitable for a place of worship, command reverent attention. The interior is literally floored with marble slabs, indicating that underneath our feet lie the earthly remains of bishops, knights, and pious men and women, whose names and fame their surviving relatives have vainly sought to perpetuate. Many of the names have already been obliterated by "Time's effacing finger," and a few years more, a century or two perhaps, will reduce the rest to the same oblivion.

Here many kings and queens have in their day been crowned and wedded and committed to the grave. Here Mary knelt with Darnley and received the priestly blessing.

We stand underneath the doorway, a broad, high-arched entrance nobly ornamented in Twelfth Century style. An attendant calls our attention to the in-



HOLYROOD PALACE — ARTHUR'S SEAT IN THE DISTANCE.



BEDCHAMBER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, IN HOLYROOD PALACE.

scription above the doorway, which was inserted by Charles I. It reads :

.....  
HE SHALL BUILD ANE HOUSE  
FOR MY NAME, AND I WILL  
ESTABLISH THE THRONE  
OF HIS KINGDOM  
FOR EVER.  
.....

The Royal vault in the southeast corner of the chapel brings back the story of the wanton destruction of its coffins by an infuriated multitude in 1688. Monuments and quaint inscriptions claim our attention longer, but it is nearly evening, and we have yet to take the famous Queen's Drive.

Calling a carriage we are soon on our way through the Royal Park. This park includes the treeless crescent ending in perpendicular cliffs, and known as Salisbury Crags, also the peak eight hundred and twenty-two feet above the sea level resembling a lion couchant and known as Arthur's Seat. The ascent is a gradual one. The city is behind us. Ahead rises the bleak, rocky hill almost unrelieved by tree or shrub. We wind around the hill to the right and soon a beautiful landscape appears before us

stretching far off to the north. Up, far up, above us on the right is Arthur's Seat. Men and women are moving about near the summit like ants upon an ant-hill. Farther around on the northwest declivity are the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel. A little below is St. Anthony's Well. This is Lady Barbara's refuge described in the old ballad :

“ Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,  
The sheets shall ne'er be prest by me;  
St. Anton's Well shall be my drink,  
Since my fause luve's forsaken me.”

This Victoria Road affords one of the grandest drives in the world. Farther round we see old and new Edinburgh city, Edinburgh Castle, Holyrood at our feet, and, stretching far along the northernmost line of vision, the Firth of Forth.

We reluctantly descend; for the city, castle-guarded on our left—with her classic Calton Hill on our right, and with a girdle of green extending about her waist, and sparkling ornaments set here and there reflecting the rays of the down-going sun—Edinburgh is to us nothing less than a revelation of natural and artistic beauty in rarest combination.

## BOHEMIA'S STRUGGLE FOR HOME RULE. [IN TWO PAPERS.]

### I. BOHEMIA'S PAST—A HISTORICAL STUDY.

BY L. J. PALDA.

BOHEMIA is a nation comparatively small, whose merits, however, are such that it well deserves to be more generally known and recognized. It has a great, yea glorious, past, which cannot fail to waken a deep interest in every student of history. Its fate has been hard, severe, sorrowful. Its story must touch every sympathetic heart. It is a nation of miraculous self-preservation and almost indestructible life,—a wonder even to its own people, and to them a lasting source of hope for better days. It is a nation of true, honest endeavors and noble yearnings; struggling hard for its existence, development and progress; ever striving for natural and political rights, a task so extensive and so difficult that its fulfillment cannot but excite admiration for all who are engaged in it.

Every creature whose life or well-being is endangered exerts all his powers and abilities in self-defense. Every one strives

to live. Thousands of physicians are devoting much study and attention to the saving of life. Every code is full of laws and provisions tending to the same end. In almost every foreign country, and in many of our own states, attempted self-destruction is a crime. Life is considered a sacred gift. No wonder. Nature is booming with life. The rustle of the forest speaks of life. The rolling waves of the restless air whisper of life. The merry murmur of the running brook greets life. The green of the meadows and fields smiles with life. The birds sing sweet odes on the joy of living. The happy hearts of all creatures resound with life, and, mastering all, the glorious, majestic sun, as it seemingly moves along its heavenly path, through endless oceans of ethereal blue, is pouring down upon the earth its untold millions of golden beams, and all replete with life! Life everywhere! Why, then, should not a nation struggle for existence, struggle to live for its own welfare and for the benefit of others?

The intercourse of individuals in all phases of life is beneficial to them individually as well as collectively. It is the source and origin of their development and progress, and wherever it is not given full sway, the whole community suffers and degenerates. The same is true among nations. Their variety is the source and guaranty of their progress and development. They are themselves the most effective stimuli to one another. There is an unceasing push and drive among them. The benefactor of to-day is the beneficiary of to-morrow. All help and are helped. All the aspects of the lives of nations are so interwoven that they may better speak the greatness and beauty of the Master's work. It is seen



L. J. PALDA,  
Bohemian Patriot, Author and Orator.





everywhere—in commerce, trade, agriculture, mechanical inventions, science, art and social life.

Our enlightened age is taking all possible precautions for retaining and prolonging individual lives, but as yet very little has been done for the maintenance and preservation of the lives of nations, whose existence is threatened or endangered. The world has seen nations trampled to death by their foes without moving a hand for their protection. Nations are retarded in their progress by their stronger enemies; are crippled in their endeavors for higher perfection; or are seen with a rope around their necks marching to the fateful scaffold. How terrible! The brotherhood of nations is only a pleasant poetical dream and not a reality. Many a people must perish for political reasons and considerations; while others drag their existence under loads of oppression and persecution.

Among nations that are at the present time in active struggle for their rights and liberties, for their existence, for leave to add a special something to the common good and for a permit to coöperate and build upon the monumental structure of human greatness and happiness, is the Slavonic people of Bohemia—the Czechs.

Looking at the map of Europe you will see in about the center of the continent a country whose boundaries represent a human heart. That is Bohemia. It is frequently called by poets "the heart of Europe." It is only a small country, comprising twenty thousand square miles, but, being rich in natural resources, it is really a land of plenty,—a beautiful spot upon our mighty globe, where a people could live amid abundance and in happiness.

The Czechs migrated to Bohemia and the neighboring country of Moravia, according to old traditions, from Croatia, in about the year 451, A. D., under



JOHN HUSS,  
The Bohemian Reformer and Martyr.

the leadership of Czech, a famous and influential man in whose honor the whole people adopted that name and have since been known as Czechs. This statement, however, is not founded upon absolute certainty. It is only positively known that Bohemia and Moravia in the Fifth Century were inhabited by a Slavonic people,—our ancestors, the Czechs. That they were a quiet and peaceful people is abundantly established by history. Devoted to the pursuits of peace, they never took up arms except in defense of their beloved country. Happily and peacefully they spent the first few centuries in this newly acquired country, tilling the soil, raising cattle and opening an extensive traffic with neighboring nations in grain and horses. Patient industry distinguished them, also a tenacity which has become proverbial. They were social and hospitable. They loved music, dancing and singing, especially singing. The whole country, upon hills as well as in the valleys and all along the plains, resounded

with the sweet melodies of Bohemia's national songs.

Among them family ties were sacred. The government was a limited monarchy. At its head was a prince, having a senate of twelve Kmets (Elders) for his advisers. Upon important occasions a diet was convened, embracing, besides the Kmets, the Lechs, who were owners of large estates, the Vladykas, who constituted the heads of the clans into which the free-holders were divided. According to many indications, the land at the beginning was cultivated in common by the clans or families, and there were no people without a right to some land or a coöwnership in it. There were no very poor, no disinherited persons, no paupers among the ancient Czechs. Really an ideal economic state in those early ages, and our present civilization would be higher and grander if it could show similar results. But, in course of time and probably in consequence of usages in other countries, here and there some members of the clans became dissatisfied with the common management and withdrew, each one receiving his proportioned share of the land for his exclusive use. This practice clearly shows how much the spirit of freedom and the sense of individual independence was developed among the pagan Czechs. Later this practice culminated in division of the people into landowners and non-landowners—into rich and poor. But even at this stage of our national existence there were no slaves nor serfs among us. The non-landowners were as free as the landowners, except that they were politically disfranchised. The pure, uncorrupted Slavonic mind and character seems to be decidedly adverse to any subjugation or slavery. From the non-landowners were recruited renters of the larger landowners, their personal or household servants, and the artisan and tradesmen classes. Many relics of those days are proof of the skillfullness of old Bohemian artisans.

In religion the Czechs were polytheists. The Slavonians were originally monotheists, but the influence of Greece and

Rome led them to polytheism. The similarity of their gods to those of Greece and Rome is the best evidence of this. Perun was their Jupiter, the Thunderer, the god of gods. Around him were grouped Svatovit, the god of war; Radhost, the god of industry; Veles, the god of cattle-breeding; Lada, the goddess of love; Ziva, the goddess of corn; Devana, the goddess of forests and chase; Morana, the goddess of death, and other deities. The forces of nature and the affections of the human heart were set forth as nymphs and demons. Each family had its own household idols, to which visitors invariably bowed on entering or leaving a dwelling. Even formal worship was not restricted to temples. The country was full of sacred hills and fountains and rivers, where the Czech brought his offering more frequently in the twilight hour, smiting himself upon the forehead and singing a hymn of praise. It was what may be called a natural religion. Everything was derived from and related to Nature, the first and also the last teacher of mankind. It must have been a solemn, elevating and ennobling moment when the pious Czech, with his offering in hand, submerged in deep religious thoughts and full of sublime feelings, went, enwrapped in the mysterious shadow of the twilight hour, to the forest and there alone with his god or gods performed his sacred worship.

In the Ninth Century began the Christianizing of Bohemia. The prince made the start and was followed by his courtiers, and they by the people. But Christianity made slow progress. It was a strange religion and of foreign language. It did not answer the requirements of their minds, nor the longings of their hearts. And only after the arrival of the Slavonic missionaries, Cyril and Methodius, who not only preached but also served in Bohemian language, did Christianity spread rapidly in Bohemia. But it took more than two centuries to make it the only and exclusive religion of the people. It was in the year 1092 that Bretislav II. banished the remnant of the

priests of the old religion, and set on fire the last of its sacred groves.

Incredible as it may appear, Christianity on its way to Bohemia was not accompanied with good will and godly blessings towards the people, but with almost endless troubles, hardships, persecutions and evils of many kinds. Christianity to other nations was delivered upon the soft wings of angels of Freedom and Liberty, becoming their liberator and savior, not only of the soul, but also of the body. But to Bohemia it was brought upon the cruel and crushing wheels of feudalism and servitude. Christianity, elsewhere the religion of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, began its victorious march to Bohemia in company with oppression and slavery. Christianity drove out the national religion and feudalism the old Slavonic freedom. The non-landowners became serfs, as were they in other countries of Europe. Thus Bohemian liberty received its first and one of the severest blows.

The next adverse influence was German interference with Bohemian affairs. With this interference began our struggle for national existence. Ever since, we have been forced, at shorter or longer intervals, to fight for our state or church independence.

It was the destiny of the Bohemian people, the Czechs, to throw the first beams of light into the universal darkness of the Middle Ages. The light was so sudden that it seemed as if by the touch of magic. The Czechs were made torch-bearers of mental enlightenment and brave fighters for religious liberty, political freedom and social equality.

The great religious reformation, which was completed by Luther, Calvin, Zwingli and Melanchton, the beginning of our modern era and civilization, received its inception in Bohemia. Before the Fourteenth Century reached its end, Bohemia became an arena of agitation for reforms in church and secular life.

The harbingers of reformation in Bohemia were Conrad Waldhauser, Milic of Kremier, a nobleman of Moravia, and

Mathew of Janov, a son of a Bohemian knight. The first two were forcible and influential preachers, the third a reformatory writer. As long as "the bow of God's word," according to Waldhauser's expression, was directed against the laymen, all was satisfactory; but as soon as it was turned toward the hypocrisy, simony, and degenerate ways of various orders of monks, trouble started. Thus a contest between these two elements was inevitable.

At the same time John Wycliffe, a learned priest and professor of the University of Oxford, England, first started a dispute with monks, then wrote a book against the collection of "Peter's Pence," translated the Bible and attacked not only the body of the church, but also some of its dogmas. He was tried by the church council of London and found guilty of heresy, whereupon he retired to his parish at Lutterworth. His people did not sustain him in his reformatory endeavors. But Bohemians, who entered into closer friendship and more frequent communications with the English people, since the marriage of the Bohemian princess, Anna, to Richard II., took up the teachings of Wycliffe and brought them to Bohemia where, at the University of Prague, a ready acceptance was accorded them. John Hus (or Huss, as commonly spelled) and Jerome of Prague became their most ardent advocates. Both these men were resolute and outspoken reformers.

John Hus was, from the beginning to the end, the center figure of the reformatory movement in Bohemia. He was a son of common parents, living at Husinec, a little town of Southern Bohemia, who were, however, wealthy enough to give him the benefits of the high schools at Prague. He became master of arts, professor, and later a rector of the university. He clearly saw that the world could not move any further in the path it was then following with other results than degeneration. He distinctly perceived that a new way for the spiritual, and with it the moral and intellectual, life of the

people must be opened. He felt, and felt keenly enough, that more freedom of mind, more liberty of soul, and a higher respect for justice and the rights of individuals were necessary. All absorbed in these convictions, he began his reformatory career and followed it until his fateful end in Constance, when he was burned at the stake as a heretic. His execution took place on the sixth day of July, 1415. The same fate befell his friend, Jerome of Prague, a year later.

They were tried by the general church council and found guilty of heresy, the same as Wycliffe of England; but Wycliffe was merely retired to his parish, while Hus and Jerome were barbarously executed. The whole people of Bohemia, with few exceptions, arose in arms to avenge their death and in defense of their teachings. A strange spectacle is here offered to the eyes of mankind, a spectacle of rare courage and almost

unparalleled bravery and heroism, of a people very small in number, only about three millions of souls, but great in their love for their honored "Masters," as the reformers were popularly called, and greater yet for their love of the new truth, the unadulterated word of God, as taught by the Holy Scriptures. Small as they were in numbers, they felt strong enough to wield arms against the world for religious reform. They were ready and prepared for the reform. They were chosen to be the advance guard in the great movement which gave us our present civilization, with its liberty of conscience and freedom of thought.

I will not enter into details of the bloody struggle which followed the execution of Hus and Jerome, and is known in history as "The Hussite Wars." It lasted from 1415 till 1434.

I wish only to state that our nation fought many victorious battles during those years, under the leadership of John Zizka, Prokop the Great, and others, against the combined forces of the church. An actual crusade was started against the Bohemian heretics, the Sons of Satan, as they were called. Armies of hundreds of thousands were formed for their suppression. But all these were met and defeated by the comparatively small forces of the Hussites and Taborites. The Sons of Liberty, with their beloved religious battle-hymn upon their lips, entered the fight and won it every time. Zizka never lost a battle. At last great armies of the Crusaders, led by cardinals in person, dropped in fear their weapons and retreated in haste and disorder at the mere sight of the Taborites, and at the distant sound of their song, *Kdo jste bozi bojovnici* (Ye who are God's warriors). This fear was the result of the awful superstition of those days, which punished its



JOHN ZIZKA  
The Bohemian Patriot General.

own promoters (the rulers of the church), for the common people really believed that Satan was in communion with the Czechs, and consequently they were in deadly fear of them. Thus in the course of events the curse of mankind became its benefactor.

All Europe stood aghast. The victories of the Bohemian forces were marvelous and without parallel. The German emperor, also heir to the Bohemian throne, Sigismund, confessed that Bohemians could not be conquered by any other nation or nations but by Bohemians themselves, and the crusades were stopped. Unable to subdue the Bohemians with deadly weapons, the enemies entered into negotiations with them, and the result was a compromise. The general church council of Basel agreed upon several concessions to Bohemians, called *compactatas*, which were adopted by the conservative party of the Hussites, and the enmities between the Roman church and the Czechs were so far set aside.

Consider the far reaching importance of that historical moment. It was the first time that the omnipotent Church was forced to yield. Its power, which resisted everything and everybody, was broken, its authority shaken, its infallibility brought to doubt. In short, the Church was defeated, and the defeat was a fateful one to its despotic rule over the world.

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Let us take a glance at the progressive movement in Bohemia of those times. As is generally the case on such occasions, there was a division of the reformatory forces into a conservative and a radical party. The conservatives were called ultraquists, or more frequently calixtines, which is derived from calix, the cup in the Lord's Supper. The radical party was that of the Taborites, under the leadership of that great general, John Zizka, who, by the way, is correctly considered the founder of modern warfare. The conservative party was an aristocratic one, consisting mainly of higher order of nobility, professors of the university and

rich burghers, whose reformatory demands were very modest, and almost all of which were granted by the council of Basel. The whole party was anxious for peace and ready to put an end to the reformatory movement, being in fear of losing their privileges and prestige.

The demands of Taborites were far more advanced. The tendency of this party was progressive, radical and democratic, leaning towards a republican form of government, with an abolition of all differences of rank. This party consisted of the nobility of lower rank, burghers and the great mass of small landholders and peasants—the true body of the people. A part of the Taborites, after the death of John Zizka, called themselves Orphans. Many bloody encounters took place, during those nineteen years, between these two parties, but whenever a common enemy threatened them, all their differences were set aside and their forces united against the enemy. But after the Basel *compactatas* were granted and finally adopted by the conservative diet, the nobility formed a league which had for its object the forcible pacification of Bohemia and Moravia, for this sister country also took an active part in the Hussite movement. The coveted peace was only a pretext and the annihilation of the democracy of the nation the main object of the nobility. Both parties understood their aims. Both knew that a decisive fight was going to be fought between brethren; on the one side for undue privileges and on the other for inalienable human rights. The demon of oppression raised up against the angel of freedom in the very midst of the same family,—a tragic event! The league raised a formidable body of troops; but the Taborites and Orphans also gathered their forces. On the thirteenth day of May, 1434, the two armies met at the fateful field of Lipan, in a fierce and deadly conflict. The good fortune that had heretofore accompanied the forces of Prokop the Great, successor to Zizka, turned from him at this decisive moment. The battle resulted in a total defeat of the

nation's true sons. The great leader himself and thirteen thousand of his warriors lay dead upon the field. Sigismund, the emperor, spoke the truth,—Bohemians were defeated by Bohemians only. But the democracy of the Fifteenth Century received a blow from which it never recovered. And it took more than three hundred years before the principles of the Bohemian democrats were adopted by any nation and introduced in its government. That great historic event, the adoption of these principles, happened far from the spot where they were first promulgated, in a then unknown land beyond the ocean—our adopted country, America.

Peace was thus restored in the countries constituting the Bohemian kingdom, but at the cost of longed for reforms in church, state and society. Except these few concessions from the mother church, nothing in reality was gained by the long and bloody struggle, fought with the greatest of enthusiasm, the most remarkable bravery and untold sacrifices. Rome remained formally the head of the church in Bohemian countries, the feudal barons the masters and the bulk of the people their serfs. How awful must have been the disappointment of that oppressed people who took up arms and wielded them victoriously for so many years, in sure expectation that with the renovated religion, the true religion of Christ, a new and higher life would be their lot! But, alas! All these cherished hopes of long years came to naught. All the suffering of the brave fighters for liberty, all the privations of their wives and families, who were wont to accompany them to the field of battle and whose actual help and feminine enthusiasm greatly added to the victory of the Hussite forces, were in vain. They were led amid the magic sounds of their powerful battle hymn, "*Kdo jste bozi bojovnici*," not to the sunny plains of freedom, but in chains of bondage to a renewed slavery of many centuries, with nothing gained but the privilege to use a cup in the Lord's Supper!

After peace was restored and matters were settled as well as they could be, a strictly religious reformation went on, under more or less persecution, until it culminated in the formation of the Bohemian and Moravian brethren, a very progressive and stringently moral sect, in whose teachings and practices and lives the Christian religion received a very fair expression.

Monarchy became again the acknowledged form of government and the people under successive rulers, although burdened with the curse of feudalism, prospered mentally and materially. They grew richer and wiser.

The latter part of the Fifteenth and what I would call the best part of the Sixteenth Century is known to Bohemians as the golden era of their literature, the best and most reliable representative of the intellectual activity of the people. If there had been a settled Bohemian dynasty at the head of the nation, true to the people and their interests, as was the case with other countries, the gratifying condition would have been a lasting one, and the Czechs would have had a peaceful evolution along with the other Protestant nations. But such was not their lot. A republic was impossible at that time, and jealousy among the nobles prevented every possibility of starting a domestic dynasty. Consequently, they had frequently to look around for a king among foreign dynasties. In the year 1526 their choice fell upon Ferdinand I, of the Hapsburg dynasty, who was the ruler of Austria proper and its provinces. That same year he was also elected king of Hungary.

This choice was an unhappy and fateful one. It was the beginning of endless troubles, under which the Czechs nation suffered the grossest injustice and was on the verge of total extinction. The Hapsburgs were in the drag of the Roman hierarchy, the blind tools of Jesuits and always ready and willing servants of the popes. The small Catholic party of Bohemia, whose members, however, were comprised of the richest noblemen, felt

encouraged by the election of an ardent Catholic ruler. Ferdinand, before entering upon the soil of Bohemia, had to make a solemn oath that he would rule in accord with the constitution of the country, that he would uphold and respect all the rights and privileges of its people and protect the Protestant religion. But what is an oath to rulers! Of what value are their promises! He trampled upon the rights of the people and disregarded his promises. The interests of the national Protestant church were neglected and its rights curtailed by him. He opened wide the door for Roman influence. Under him and his successors the Catholic party became more powerful and more daring, through the high offices accorded to its members. The Catholic audacity reached its height when Ferdinand II., a pupil of Jesuits and a fanatical Catholic, entered upon the throne of Bohemia. One provocation of the Protestants followed the other. The Catholic nobles, fearing nobody, under the efficient protection of the king, instigated troubles everywhere, only to have some excuse for striking a severe blow upon the head of the hated Protestant church. They tore down Protestant churches upon their estates, or in towns dependent upon them, and frequently, by force, drove Protestant peasants to Catholic churches to worship. Things became unbearable. The king lived in Vienna. His vice-regents at Prague were mostly Catholics, paying no attention to the complaints of persecuted Protestants. Yea, even the king sanctioned such cruelties. What was to be done? What could have been done under such circumstances? Self-protection!

The Protestant nobles united for self-defense, and the first result was probably an unwise and imprudent one; but, full of the old Bohemian courage, they threw out of the window the two most powerful vice-regents, Slavata and Martinic, with their secretary, Fabricius, which historical moment, so fateful to our nation and so memorable for all Europe, because it was the signal for the Thirty Years' War, is well illustrated by a famous Bo-

hemian painter, Vaclav Brozik, in a painting which was on exhibition in the art building of the World's Fair, at Chicago. This done, a total break with the emperor was unavoidable. A war issued between the monarch and the Bohemian nation. Another king, Frederick V., of the Palatinate, was elected and crowned. Everything looked promising, but the brave spirit and the burning enthusiasm for faith and liberty, manifested in the Hussite wars, were wanting. The common people took little interest in the new strife, because the Protestant nobles did not treat them much better, if any, than the Catholic. And a more dangerous drawback for the Bohemian cause was the fact that the Protestant nobles—among whom there were some really great men, but the rest of their number were a set of good for nothing fellows, effeminate by leisure and high living—were afraid to call their subjects to arms, thinking that they might take revenge on them. For this reason they resorted mostly to hired troops, themselves following the command of the German generals. After some battles, with varying results, the cause of Bohemia received a fatal blow on the plains of the White Mountain, near Prague, on the eighth day of November, 1620, where the Bohemian forces were totally defeated. On receiving the bad news of defeat, King Frederick fled speedily from Prague, and with him all the courage of the others disappeared. The emperor's forces found free access to Bohemia's capital.

What then followed a Bohemian can relate only with profound sorrow and in tears. The leaders and men of influence, and also those of wealth, were imprisoned. Twenty-seven of them, nobles, knights and burghers, were on the 21st day of June, 1621, executed publicly, and some of them very brutally. Those who fled to foreign lands were hanged in effigy. Many were imprisoned for life, and others for long terms of years. The estates of all who were guilty, and even of those who were under mere suspicion of taking part in the revolution, were either totally

or partially confiscated and divided among the favorites of the emperor, mostly foreign, and of course Catholic noblemen. The Protestant church was proscribed, and its priests banished. Even the skeleton of Rokycana, the first Protestant archbishop, was taken from its tomb and burned. Jesuits and monks came to Bohemia in swarms and began to convert the people to the Catholic religion. Those who were slow to adopt this faith were visited by dragoons, soldiers known and feared for their brutality, who stayed with them and lived upon their means, tormenting them in all possible manners, until their stubbornness was broken and they were converted. Common people were driven to churches like herds of cattle to a slaughtering place. And those not willing to go received severe scourgings. There was no end to the cruelties, and many people undergoing them lost their reason. To climax the persecution of the Bohemian people, the

emperor issued an order, in the year 1627, that within six months every Protestant must become a Catholic or else leave the country. On account of this patent, 36,000 families, mostly wealthy ones, to whom faith was dearer than their estates, left the country for foreign lands, among strange people to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. This fact again demonstrates the Czech's tenacity and his strength of character in an hour of the greatest misfortune.

Rather than live a life of hypocrisy in abundance and plenty, in a great many instances, they deserted their estates—because to sell them was impossible—went to foreign lands and lived lives of poverty. Does this not mean heroism and greatness? Some of them found refuge in Poland, some in Germany, some in Holland, whence a few of them emigrated to America. Among the exiles was John Amos Comenius, or, as he is known to the world, Comenius, a pioneer of modern methods of education.

Thus Bohemia was deprived of the very cream of its society. Men of genius, men of ability, men of science and art, successful tradesmen and skillful artisans were either killed, imprisoned or exiled. What was left was only a poor remnant of Bohemia's former greatness. And to annihilate the hated Bohemian spirit entirely, a hunt was started after Bohemian books, of which untold thousands were burned. One Jesuit, by the name of Konias, boasted that he alone destroyed by fire sixty thousand Bohemian books. What these enemies could not destroy was carried away or destroyed by the Swedes, during the Thirty Years' War, after which war, from a nation of more than three millions of people, only eight hundred thousand remained, mostly subjects or



JOHN AMOS KOMENSKY.  
Comenius, The Great Bohemian Educator.

poor people. The annihilation of Czechs appeared to be complete. The Church took a terrible revenge upon the people, who, two hundred years ago, had the courage to attack and break its authority. The anti-reformation proved a success and what there remained of the Czechs, with few exceptions, became Roman Catholics.

After conversion was completed the Hapsburg began to strangle the Bohemian tongue, which was driven out from the administration of the government, in all its branches, from the higher schools and from every place except the church and common schools, which were very much neglected. Thus in course of about one hundred and fifty years the Bohemian language, once so developed and perfect, was in fact forgotten. The nobility and the richer classes of townspeople spoke German. Only the poor classes and the peasants in the villages retained their mother tongue, but the reader can imagine what kind of a language it was. No wonder then that a general conviction prevailed towards the end of the Eighteenth Century, shared even by the true friends of the Bohemian people, that the nationality of Czechs must disappear and its final extinction was only a question of a limited number of years. True and also sham tears were already shed at the inevitable grave of the once great and famous Bohemian nation. It was doomed—dead.

Dead? O, no!

The good genius of our people lived yet, and what was considered the fatal stroke at the Bohemian language, administered by the otherwise liberal and good ruler, Joseph II., whose cherished idea was the Germanization of all nations comprising the Austrian Empire, aroused it from a long lethargy. Here and there the Czechs began to show slight signs of national life. The new and powerful light which started with the great encyclopedists of France and grew to an un-



JOSEPH JUNGMAN,  
The Bohemian Lexicographer.

paralleled magnitude in the great revolutions of America and France, awaked confidence, gave courage and fresh hope to all the oppressed. Some of its beams, too, found their way to poor Bohemia and had their stimulating effect. A few minds were touched and a few hearts moved.

"The Czechs must not die,—at least not so miserably," was the next idea. Steps to gain that end were taken. In the history of Bohemia strange things happened. The most active, zealous and enthusiastic among the first workers upon the task of our nation's resurrection were the priests. In this mission they appear as the most proper instruments of Justice in her endeavors to redeem entailed wrongs. Strange incident! Leading one to an ardent belief in the existence of an eternal justice, even in the face of such horrible crimes as those perpetrated upon Bohemia!

The eager resurrectionists started, with the revival of literature, the first demand for a nation's life. We had no books.

Little was printed during the period of our severest humiliation, and that little consisted of some wretched prayer-books and a few fables, full of superstition, written in the simplest and most incorrect language possible. A grammar was necessary. That was furnished by an eminent scholar,—Dobrovsky, a priest. With its assistance book-writing fairly started. The first attempts were, of course, of a very humble and timid nature. Short novels, some little poems and the like; but all breathing love for the country and the Czech's nationality, relating the better and more glorious past of the nation. The books commanded a fair market and were eagerly read. No wonder! The people were hungry for spiritual and intellectual food, which for many years was withheld from them. Encouraged by this success the number of cultivators of our tongue and writers of Bohemian books markedly increased. Men of great talent and high learning took part in this work.

The knowledge of our national individuality and the sense of its wants and demands grew and spread rapidly, accompanied by an ever increasing love for the nation's intellectual treasures,—a love to which the love of martyrs of early Christianity alone can be compared,—love full of willing and unusual sacrifice. Look upon a single instance. One man, a genius, professor of one of the gymnasias of Prague, Joseph Jungman, worked fully thirty years upon the compilation of a Bohemian dictionary, like that of Webster! He finished that arduous task,—which requires among other nations the coöperation of many learned men,—almost alone, with scarcely any remuneration. What he did, he did entirely for love of nationality and his people. Other writers also had to do and did their work without compensation, because the proceeds from the sale of books were not sufficient to allow any remuneration for the authors. And where it did, it was seldom accepted. The surplus was used for further advancement of the national cause.

So the movement went on growing and spreading. Periodicals were soon issued and the sphere of book-writing enlarged. Articles and books treating upon different branches of human knowledge were written and published. Writers and poets of great merit, whose works if translated would meet with appreciation everywhere, appeared upon the intellectual horizon of our people, spreading light in all directions, educating, elevating and encouraging everybody. And before the dawn of a new life for European nations did commence, in the memorable year 1848, the Czechs were everywhere aroused from their long and heavy lethargy. They were educated enough, prepared and ready for the political contest, which faced them in behalf of their national existence and state rights—the home rule of the Bohemian Kingdom, comprising the countries of Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia.

This phenomenal result, this real wonder, at which even we Bohemians have to bow in the profoundest admiration, was accomplished in less than fifty years, without the help of the government, yea in spite of its opposition and even persecution. Without any Bohemian schools, except the common, the lowest ones, and amid the absolute sway of the German language in all higher schools and offices of the government and of the nobles, it was altogether an achievement of what may be properly termed a self-made nation.

The Bohemians were the foremost among the nations of the Austrian empire who joined the movement, started at Paris in 1848, for more freedom and greater rights for the people. Early in March of that same year an agitation began at Prague against the reigning absolutism of the emperor and in favor of a constitutional form of government, for equal rights and privileges of the Bohemian language in all phases of public life and especially in schools, courts and offices of the government; for the removal of the last remnant of servitude and the entire liberation of peasants; for

public administration of justice and introduction of jury trials and other reforms. The convening of a diet was required to modify the old constitution of Bohemia in accord with the demands of our advanced age, and to set forth and agree upon the relation in which the countries of the Bohemian crown should stand to the Austrian empire to preserve its rank and dignity as a first-class power of Europe.

The reader will remember that the then lawful representatives of the Bohemian kingdom, sitting in a diet, out of free will and by the power in them invested, elected Ferdinand I. of Hapsburg for their ruler and king. It was an act of free choice, by which the Bohemians entered into connection with the Austrian provinces and Hungary, retaining all their rights and privileges as an independent nation. They were united with the others only in the person of a common monarch. The same relation judicially and practically remained all the time. This independence was upheld even by the Catholic nobles of the Seventeenth Century, to whom, after the downfall of the Protestant revolution in 1620, Ferdinand II. saw fit to restore the old Bohemian constitution. The political individuality and independence of the Bohemian countries was never doubted; and the Austrian emperors, with the exception of the present one and two others, all underwent the ceremony of coronation as rulers of the Bohemian kingdom, and took the usual oath, to preserve its constitution, rights

and privileges. And even the present emperor in his proclamation, called diplom, issued 1860, and in another one, called the imperial rescript, in 1871, frankly admitted the independence of Bohemia from the other countries, in the words :

Mindful of the state rights of the Bohemian crown and being in full knowledge of the power and glory this crown has accorded us and our forefathers, and being mindful also of the staunch fidelity with which the people of Bohemia have at all times supported our throne, we gladly acknowledge the rights of that kingdom and are willing to renew this acknowledgement by our oath at the time of our coronation.

We more liberal and more just Americans would not question the right of a people to autonomy, or self-government, because it is a natural one; but the right to home rule in Bohemia stands also upon a sound historical ground, which cannot be disputed and can only be withheld by a superior power, dependent solely upon brutal forces. The fight between the Bohemian nation and the Austrian government turns upon this one main issue — home rule. The Czechs are well cognizant of the fact that they cannot prosper and long exist as a nationality without achieving the right of home rule upon the soil of their country, of which every stone, every clod, has been sprinkled copiously with the blood of their ancestors. All they want is equal rights with their German speaking countrymen and the care of their own destiny.

[The concluding paper by Mr. Palda, to appear in *THE MIDLAND* for March, will present a vivid picture of the Bohemia of to-day and the Bohemia of the future.—ED.]

## WORDS AND THOUGHTS.

WORDS are but fettered things,  
Feeble and slow;  
Thoughts are Love's messengers;  
Freely they go.  
While lips forlornly say,  
"Would thou wert here to-day,"  
Thought cleaves the distance wide,  
Thought brings us side by side.

*Bertha E. Bush.*

# The Midland's Fiction Department.

## HOW I OPENED UP KOREA.

A SKETCH.

BY JOHN C. WERNER.

THE late war between Japan and China has brought to my mind an adventure which befell me during the summer of 1882. A crisis had just then passed in the Hermit Kingdom,—a short conflict between the old order and the new, between progress and ignorance. The Japanese minister had been driven from Seoul, and had to take refuge on an English gunboat, and he was now returning with a formidable force at his back to reenter the capital in triumph. The Chinese had also taken a hand in the game; had brought a small army into the country; had taken T-ai-Won-Kun—the king's father and the instigator of the turmoil—prisoner, and had deported him to China in one of their own alphabetical gunboats. Things were now said to be at a standstill,—“everything quiet on the Potomac,”—when we arrived there; but the mutterings of the eruption could still be heard.

I held the position at the time of a junior officer on one of the Mitsui Bishi Company's steamers. We had brought a company of soldiers with their stores and equipments to Chemulpo, and also several returning Korean refugees, among whom was one who at present is taking a prominent rôle in Korean politics and intrigues. When these were landed, our time was at our own disposal and hung rather heavily on our hands, lying as we were, anchored off the place, awaiting orders from headquarters. So many stories were told about this strange country that they had quite a fascination for me. A strong desire to penetrate into it took possession of me as I gazed at the blue

tint of the distant mountains, where Seoul was supposed to be situated.

No European, so I was told, except in disguise, had yet been inside its walls, and the glory of being the first was a strong incentive to make the attempt. Besides, I might perhaps be able to obtain a glance at the Korean Court, just now under a cloud, but said to be still carried on in real Oriental splendor. For a time fate was against me; the Japanese authorities on shore, on discovering my intentions, frustrated my plans and prevented me from leaving Chemulpo. This put me on my mettle, and I tried one scheme after another to circumvent them, but day after day passed and I was still no nearer to the starting point.

Several steamers had arrived in the meantime, and one day I was agreeably surprised when Tom B——, an engineer from another steamer, offered to accompany me on my proposed trip to the Capital. This infused new hope, and with renewed vigor I increased my efforts to elude the vigilance of the Japanese,—and I finally succeeded!

Behold us, then, early one morning starting off on foot; the distance was stated to be somewhere between thirty and fifty miles. Evading the Japanese troops when we landed, and pressing a Korean coolie into our service to act as guide, we started. Our retainer had also to carry our stock of provender, consisting of half a dozen bottles of pale ale and a tin of biscuits, and several heavy strings of “cash,”—the only money then used in the country.

The sun was just rising as we commenced our journey, and we tramped gaily along the dusty road. Through smiling fields, over low, green hills, past solitary houses surrounded with mud walls and clustering among umbrageous trees, was the road over which we traveled, our coolie with his jingling strings of cash trudging ahead. No sign of pursuit,—but unmolested and in peace we proceeded on our quest for adventure. About 9 A. M. we arrived at a small town, Ninsen, nestling between the hills, and we were there received by several unarmed Korean soldiers, who escorted us to the governor's residence.

The governor, a white-bearded old gentleman, received us with great politeness and placed us by his side on the dais in his reception hall, where shortly quite a number of the most prominent residents of the place assembled to receive the distinguished visitors we were supposed to be. Of course, our conversation was limited, as we could not understand each other. Our guide was overwhelmed with questions, which he answered; but as he did not know anything about us, I doubt if our host was much the wiser for his answers.

A bountiful repast was placed before us, consisting of a dozen different dishes served on a large lacquered tray, with bottles of native liquor—a most abominable tipple. As fifteen or twenty pairs of eyes were watching our movements, I felt no inclination to eat, but Tom emptied all the dishes, which act seemed to highly amuse the spectators. A bottle of ale, that we opened and presented to our hosts, passed from hand to hand, but without being much relished, except by the old governor, who partook rather freely of it, probably through politeness. After having tarried for an hour in the governor's hospitable mansion,—not a very imposing structure, by the way,—we resumed our journey, now on ox-back. Payment offered for our refreshment was declined, but for the use of the oxen we had to pay 300 "cash" each, in advance. I would not recommend ox-back travel-

ing,—the recollection of that ride makes my bones ache to this day.

After having climbed a high hill, we descended into a valley, stretching away for twenty miles or more, under high cultivation, and dotted here and there with groups of houses, each enclosed by its own mud wall and surrounded by trees, the country presenting a peaceful aspect. We met several natives, who just gave us a glance as they passed but showed no undue curiosity, and also a number of Japanese officers, who said nothing to us—not even answering our friendly "kon nichi wa"—though they looked at us askance. The dusk of evening had fallen when we reached a large river, where hundreds of junks were moored on both sides, over which we were ferried. The road so far had been tolerably good, but now we began to ascend a mountain path piled up with boulders between which we had to pick our way in the dark. We let our animals have their own way, ceasing all attempts to guide them. If the natives had intended to do us any harm they now had an opportunity; but not the slightest mark of hostility was shown toward us. It was midnight when we arrived before the gates of Seoul, which, to our dismay, we found shut and guarded on the inside by Chinese soldiers, who were deaf to all our entreaties for admission. The gates would be opened at daylight. For an hour we paced up and down outside the gates. "Paul Jones," as we had named our pilot, then beckoned us to follow him. He took us to a neighboring hut, which turned out to be the Korean guard-house, and introduced us to two half-naked, sleepy looking natives, who pointed out a place where we could rest; but neither sleep' nor rest followed, for myriads of fleas took possession of us at once, and we were soon compelled to leave the hut and, seating ourselves on the steps outside the door, remained there till morning. Crowds of country people were continually coming with produce for the market, and gathered outside the gates, ready to enter when they

were opened. They eyed us with some misgivings until our faithful henchman vouched for our good behavior.

At last the gates were thrown open. "Paul Jones" wanted us to straddle our steeds, as we had still some distance to go, but to this we decidedly objected. We made our entree on foot, to the great surprise of the Chinese soldiers, who evidently did not know how to act; but before they had collected their wits we were a long distance away from them. We had impressed on the obtuse mind of "Paul Jones," as far as we were able, that we wished to go to a hotel on our arrival; and when we entered the narrow and filthy streets, and finally stopped in front of the gates of a large building, we thought our troubles were over; but we were somewhat astonished when "Paul Jones" begged us to wait a moment outside while he went in to announce our arrival.

After waiting for ten minutes he returned in company with a Japanese who asked us in good English what we wanted. Naturally surprised at such a question, Tom said, rather brusquely, that we wanted a room, a bath and something to eat.

"Excuse me, you make a mistake, I think," said the Japanese, "this is not a hotel."

"Not a hotel! What is it then?"

Said the Japanese, "This is the Japanese Legation, and I am the secretary."

Oh, perfidious "Paul Jones!" you had verily brought us to the lion's den! To augment our troubles the secretary added that we must return to Chemulpo immediately. But to this we demurred, saying that we had reached Seoul after a long and tiresome journey, and we needed and must have rest. Hearing this the secretary asked us to follow him into the compound, which was full of Japanese soldiers, coolies, and Koreans. To our amazement we saw a European mounting a horse as we approached the building, who, completely ignoring our presence and Tom's friendly "good morning," rode off without a word to us. Tom

knew him, and said he was not much of a European anyhow.

After a good ablution, and a substantial semi-foreign breakfast, we were introduced to the minister, Mr. Hanabusa, who in a few well-expressed sentences, in fluent English, told us that, however much he regretted it, he must confine us within the Japanese limits for the twenty-four hours he could allow us to stop and recruit our strength, as he was responsible for our safety. Several correspondents of Japanese newspapers were present, to whose care the minister confided us. They took us up on a high hill within the grounds, where they pointed out the principal buildings in the city, and the King's palace some distance away among a grove of trees. After a desultory and halting conversation the newspaper men strolled away one by one, and I found myself at last alone, when I stretched myself out on the green turf, inclined for a nap. Our bootless expedition and the shame of having to return no wiser than before, tended to keep sleep from my eyes. Why should I not give the Japs the slip, and start out and explore the city by myself?

I rose, glanced cautiously around and perceived that I was unobserved, so, stealthily moving to the nearest declivity, I slid quickly down and reached the bottom safely, whence I finally gained the long, broad street which divides the city in two parts. I determined to have a nearer look at the King's palace. People stared at me with wonder, but nobody troubled me, although the streets were crowded with pedestrians. In a few minutes I arrived at the palace gates, which were open. On each side a Korean soldier was stationed. A thick grove of splendid trees surrounded the palace, which looked like a large Buddhist temple. I sauntered slowly through the gates, and though the soldiers watched me they made no attempts to stop me. This made me bolder. A broad avenue led up to the main entrance of the palace, and as none but the soldiers were in sight I walked on without hindrance right up

to the very portals. My idea that I was unobserved here was soon dispelled.

Suddenly a crowd of white-robed figures rushed out and surrounded me, and I was literally hustled along to the back of the building by sheer force of numbers, while innumerable questions were asked me in Korean, to which I replied in English. What was done was in perfect good humor and no violence whatever was offered. They took me to a side door and into a small apartment, where I was invited to sit down. In a few minutes two aged officials entered and, taking me between them, marched me through several large, empty rooms and into a spacious hall, where they were joined by several more officers, evidently of high rank. The floor of this hall was made of dark, lacquered wood. At one end a dais was raised a foot above the floor and about twelve feet wide. Two large and beautifully painted screens were standing on the dais concealing the back of the hall. There was no other furniture of any description. Where was the expected pomp and splendor of the court! So far I had not seen any. The Koreans were grouped about me in respectful attitudes as I stood in the center of the room wondering what would happen next.

The soft tinkling of cymbals was heard from the inside, at which sound everybody prostrated himself on the floor, while a young Korean of prepossessing appearance and dressed in a tight-fitting green silk tunic emerged from behind the screens and stepped to the edge of the dais, where he stopped. Surmising that this was the King, I made him a polite bow. He then beckoned me to draw nearer. Saying a few words to the attendants they all withdrew from the hall,—all except the two old men who had escorted me in. They remained squatted down in the farthest corners.

The King was a slight, tall young man, with the usual Korean features, but more refined and delicate looking, and lighter in color than any Korean I had yet seen, and his hands were remarkably small.

At a loss what to do, I stood watching

the King, waiting for him to break the silence. I was not kept long in suspense.

"How are you, old man?" were his first words, undignifiedly uttered in excellent English. I was fairly thunderstruck! He perceived my consternation and probably guessed the reason, for, laughing heartily, he said, "Oh, I speak English."

"You speak good English," said I, flatteringly, "where did you learn it?"

"Oh, an American ship was taken by my people when I was a boy; one sailor was given to me, and he taught me to speak English."

"And what became of him?" was my question.

"Oh, he vexed me one day and I killed him," was the answer.

"Then I hope I shall not vex you," thought I.

We had till now remained standing. The King clapped his hands; a youthful attendant appeared from behind the screens and at a word from the King brought in two Chinese bamboo stools. The King seated himself on one and motioned me to take the other. He then entered into a long and interesting conversation on different subjects. Question followed question with rapidity, which I answered to the best of my knowledge. I am sure that never before or since has better advice been given him by anyone, native or foreigner; and, that most of it has been acted upon, later events have fully demonstrated.

When the audience was concluded he turned towards me and, grasping my hand, said with emotion, "If you will stay with me I will make you a general or a mandarin of high rank."

Incredible as it may appear, I refused his brilliant offers, preferring to remain in my ignoble obscurity. Nowise offended by my refusal,—although he pressed me over and over again to accept,—when he saw that he could not alter my resolve, he took a valuable ring from one of his fingers and placed it on one of mine, and asked me to keep it in remembrance of him, and I told him that nothing would henceforth part me from it. Ordering

one of his high officials to see me safe to the Japanese Legation, he bade me a friendly farewell.

Ambassadors, generals and admirals have visited Seoul, and made treaties, and received all the honor and praise for opening up the country; but can the reader not see that mine was really the master mind that paved the way to that end; mine the subtle brain that conceived those plans, which *they* finally carried out!

I returned to the Legation without being discovered, and, seeking out the place I had occupied before I started out, I laid myself down again on the grass and sank immediately into a deep slumber. I was soon rudely disturbed by Tom, however, who, shaking me by the shoulder, sung out, "Are you coming down to chow or are you going to stay up here all day?"

Not seeing any of the newspaper men near, I whispered to Tom, "I have been away for several hours; been to the King's palace, and I have just returned."

Tom looked at me and laughed. "What are you giving us?" said he.

"You have been sleeping like a log the whole forenoon."

"It is a fact," retorted I, "I have been to the King's palace, and I had a long interview with the King, and when I left he presented me with this ring." I held out my hand to show him the ring; but fancy my consternation when I found the jewel gone! I searched all about where I had been sleeping, but to my dismay the ring had vanished. Tom meanwhile laughed immoderately, and advised me to go back and get another ring. He insisted I had never left the grass plot where he found me,—which is absurd. I begged him not to mention my adventure to the Japanese. This he promised, but several times during the day I found him looking at me and almost exploding with laughter, to the amazement of the Japs. The minister entertained us in the afternoon; and next morning at daylight we were off for Chemulpo, this time on horseback. We arrived late in the afternoon and got on board without further adventure, to the intense chagrin of Saint Joe, who had predicted a total collapse of our expedition.

## MUTE.

She never did any wrong except to die.  
—*Old Roman Epitaph.*

IF SHE had done me other wrong than this,  
So dear she was, my wrong had seemed her right.  
I could have held my breast for her to smite,  
And, hushing pain, have clasped the changeling, bliss;  
Sharp words from hers had proved more soft than kiss  
Of other lips; nay, if from her pure height  
My love itself grew worthless in her sight,  
Not she, but my desert, had been amiss.  
Alas, alas! she never hurt with hand,  
Or voice, or heart. This only she hath done—  
This one irreparable thing—to die!  
Smitten with silence, at her grave I stand,  
For could my call the starry orbits run,  
"Sweet, I forgive!"—she would not hear that cry!

*Mary A. P. Stansbury.*

## ANITA'S WOOING.

A ROMANCE OF OLD FUR-TRADING DAYS.

BY F. W. CALKINS.

### I.

"*Me marry you! You squaw man!*" The young girl hissed the words through set teeth, in her wrath, the slender, fine figure drawn to its full height, the face flaming and the black eyes scintillating like those of some wild animal at bay. The pose of the girl, the flushed and burning face, the outstretched arm and scornful finger, the tense, slender form draped in gray woolen, with short skirt, leggings and moccasins of buckskin, offered a *genre* theme for the pencil and brush of genius, if genius had been there to draw and paint.

The trapper captain, capable of facing alone and unflinchingly a tribe of hostile Sioux, shrunk under the withering look. He hastily arose from his seat upon a bear-skin pallet, walked out the door of their apartment and toward the outer walls of the fort. Then Anita went to her own corner, pulled aside the hanging blankets and flung herself face downward upon her pallet.

Anita's history had been short and eventful. Born of New England parents, her father had been a frontier preacher upon the prairies of Illinois. There, three years before the events herein related, he had been killed in attempting to quell an affray growing out of a land quarrel. Shortly afterward her mother died, leaving Anita, an only child, to the care of an aunt, the sole relative near of kin, who had married a man engaged in the fur trade, and had gone to live at a post upon the Missouri.

From that time on the girl's life had been spent among the rough scenes about the frontier trading stations. From post to post the trader's wife and her niece had gone with "Captain" Castane, living almost the nomadic life of the Indians.

For months at a time — such was the infatuation of Anita's aunt for her trap-

per-trader — the two women, or the woman and the girl, had lived alone in their apartments at fort, or post, or station, with only the *bourgeois* traders, the *attachés* and their squaw wives, for neighbors. At such times Castane led his band of free trappers away to distant and dangerous beaver streams.

Yet the Captain never moved his small family and effects from station to station except under heavy escort, nor did he leave them at any post not well fortified against Indian attack. He provided them with all the comforts and conveniences which the nature of their surroundings allowed. Their apartments were always cozy enough inside. There were mats of bear skins upon the floors, and the best of Indian-tanned buffalo robes upon their pallets. And they had such rude chairs and furniture as could be fashioned from native timbers. There was always a decent cook in the establishment of the *bourgeois* traders, and an eating-room for guests and *attachés*. The Captain's wife and her niece had nothing to do but look after the comfort of their apartments, to fashion such apparel as they needed, and to amuse themselves.

Yet, after the first novelty of the life had worn off, the young girl had wearied exceedingly of it. She often begged her aunt and uncle would go back to the settlements and live. This they intended to do when Castane's account at the Traders' Bank, in St. Louis, should reach a certain amount. The limit of this rather ambitious sum had been nearly reached, when Anita's aunt sickened of a fever, and died at Popo-Agie.

Anita was then barely fifteen years of age. To the captain she was a mere child, and she lived with him as a daughter might. The move to Popo-Agie had been made from a post in the Yellow-

stone country late in the fall, and the Captain's wife died that winter.

When spring came Anita, drearily miserable, wanted to be taken back to the settlements. There was a half-brother of her father's living in New York State; and though she had never seen the relative, and only knew of him by report, this girl wanted to be sent to him. She knew her uncle would willingly allow her escort when the distance could be covered in safety. But, in the early spring, when she was ready to ask this assistance from him, there came reports of Sioux war parties getting ready to raid the country to the eastward. Later on, couriers came in with the news that the tribes had taken the war-path, and the annual train of supplies from St. Louis would be cut off for that season.

And so Anita's chance of escape from this dreary life was delayed for another year. The prospect, now that her aunt was gone, was terrible, but the girl bore with the misfortune as bravely as she might. In the small box-trunk which contained her few belongings were a Bible, a hymn-book, some old school-books, and a history of England, which had remained to her of her father's meager library. These were Anita's only solace. She had already read them many times, and knew the hymns and the history almost by heart.

When Castane's wife had been dead two months, Patoile, chief of the *bourgeois* traders, proposed that Anita should live with his squaw, whose apartments were quite as roomy and comfortable as the captain's own. But Castane said no; Anita was the same as his daughter, and would live with him, where she belonged. He knew Anita's aversion to the life these traders led, buying their wives with the payment of a horse or a gun, as they would a bale of furs. He would not subject her to the company of the greasy squaws, not in her own apartment. This opinion, however, he kept to himself, for the traders' mode of life was their own affair; they bought their wives, lived with them, and reared their half-breed children after the fashion of the Indians.

He sent his company out that spring under an appointed leader, and stayed at the fort. There he busied himself in perfecting the fortification and in trading with the Indians who came in from the nearer tribes. Fortunately for the trade of that year, a supply of goods had been moved down in changing base the fall before.

Sometimes the captain with a number of the *attachés*, or else alone, went to the hills to hunt the elk or out upon the plain to chase a passing herd of buffalo. Months passed in the routine of life at a trading post.

Then in the early days of July came the summer gathering, the annual *rendezvous*,—trapper companies from the Upper Yellowstone and the Big Horn, from Green River and the sources of the two Plattles. And there were Utes from the southern mountains, Uintahs from the Great Salt Lake, and treacherous Shoshones from the Snake River country. Encampments like those of a moving army gathered along the banks of the Popo-Agie above and below the fort. The fort itself was set upon the edge of the plain above the narrow valley. It was the ordinary rectangular structure of the central fur-trade. There was an outer wall of adobe, topped with bastions at the corners,—and the lower rooms of these structures used as store-rooms.

The living rooms of the traders and the *attachés* were built of pine logs, the apartments joined in a continuous quadrangle, with open end toward the fort's gate. These apartments—simply square, log-walled rooms with sod roof—all faced the inner court of the quadrangle. Their rear wall stood in some twenty-five or thirty feet from the outer wall of the station, thus leaving a defensive space between the two structures. The room occupied by the Captain and Anita was near the center of the rear row of apartments, facing an open space—a rude sort of plaza—and the two lines of inner wall, studded with rough doors, which extended toward the fort's entrance.

During the *rendezvous* a strong guard was kept at the gate, which was of logs

and swung between huge posterns. Most of the trading was done outside the fort. Only on certain days, and for a limited time, were the Indians and their women allowed to come inside. No liquor drinking nor gambling was permitted within the walls, and so Anita was spared the scenes of rough revelry which too often came to her ears from the camps outside. But at this season, when the Captain was unusually busy, the girl occasionally suffered annoyance of most aggravating nature.

The squaws of the traders and *attaches* knew, instinctively, of Anita's dislike for them and their mode of life. They were not kindly disposed toward the white girl, and sometimes, when her protector was outside, some of the coarser of these creatures would come near her door and annoy her with loud, rude talk, not directed at her, perhaps, but intended for her ears. She understood nothing of what they said, but she knew from their tones and their harsh, unpleasant laughter that their remarks were not complimentary to herself. And the innocent maiden, feeling the sting of it, even from these savage creatures, could not bring herself to speak of their malicious conduct to her sole friend and protector.

The summer passed, the *rendezvous* broke up, and the trappers departed to distant beaver streams. The camps of Indians struck their *tipis*, packed their *travoie* poles, and trailed away to distant plains and mountains.

By the first of September only a few loitering Shoshones, whose winter quarters were among the lava beds, remained in a few lodges along the creek below the fort. This was High Cloud's band, whose fall hunting-grounds were not far distant, and who lingered so long as they were able to bring in skins or peltry from the chase, which would buy them rum to drink. This commodity was one the *bourgeois* traders were not likely to run short of; they dealt it out sparingly.

One evening, shortly after the departure of his trapper company, the Captain and Anita sat upon some rough benches in

front of their apartment. The trader was talking to her as to a child, amusing her with an account of a buffalo chase the day before. A few rods in front of them, seated cross-legged upon the ground, a number of the *habitues* were playing at mumble-the-peg with some Indians. Presently the Shoshone chief, High Cloud, came in at the gate. He was arrayed in his best finery, in a red blanket, with beaded leggings, and his long braid of hair stuck with crow and eagle feathers. He was a tall and powerful Indian, owning numerous wives and many ponies.

And just now High Cloud was bent upon an errand which he expected would add much to his leadership and influence among his tribe. He strode proudly past the group of players and a party of giggling squaws who watched them, and approached the "Big Captain"—as the Indians called Castane—and Anita. He made his errand known by the use of "pigeon English" and unmistakable gestures. He wanted Anita for his squaw, and he had come to offer the Big Captain five ponies for her! This, from the Indian point of view, was a magnificent offer. Two ponies was the price of a chief's daughter.

Then the usually cool and level-headed Captain was seized with an electric shock of wrath that carried him to his feet. In a twinkling he whipped a knife from his belt and would have struck at the chief but for Anita. The girl caught his arm.

"Captain Castane," she said, "would you quarrel with an Indian, and about me?"

"Go!" he shouted to the Indian. "Get out of here!"

And High Cloud, both cowed and angry, turned and strode toward the gate. Castane turned and looked into Anita's face. He read there for the first time how much the girl had grown to be the woman. In the look she gave he suddenly realized that his protectorship was not the perfect shield he had imagined. "Anita, dear," he said, "I will send a courier to-morrow for my men, and we will get you to St. Louis before snow

falls. There you shall have a home with friends of mine as long as you wish."

"That will cost you a great sum of money," said Anita, quietly. "I can bear it till the supply-train comes next summer."

That evening, after darkness fell upon the fort, the captain spent hours in pacing the ground between Anita's apartment and the outer wall. He was struggling with a new problem of life,—new, yet old as humanity itself.

He was in love.

The fact astonished him, as it would astonish Anita when he should tell her, as he certainly would. The events of that evening, his fierce desire to kill the Indian for casting eyes upon her with an Indian's offer of marriage, the look in Anita's face, had suddenly awakened him to the true state of his feelings toward the girl. He was forced to acknowledge that if Anita had been his sister or his daughter he would have turned the chief away with a laugh and a compliment upon his excellent judgment in seeking her for a wife. He knew now that his wife's niece had become so dear to him that to lose her would be a far greater calamity than had ever fallen upon his life. True, he was thirty-five, much older than the girl, but whom was she likely to find better able to take care of her than he? In these remote frontier regions love grows apace and wooing is short and decisive. And, having made up his mind what course to pursue, the trapper captain went to his own particular store-room, procured some blankets, returned and spread his bed upon the ground close to the outer wall of Anita's room.

In the warm night he laid himself down to sleep, as he had done a thousand times, with only the sky for a covering. But he disposed himself to slumber without effect—grave leader of men as he was; the stars overhead sang all night of Anita.

In the morning, after they had breakfasted, he went with Anita to their room. He took a seat and faced her, in more trepidation than he had ever felt in the front

of danger. The girl laid aside a light cloth cap she had fashioned for herself, and turned to him inquiringly.

"Anita," he said, "let me send a courier to Santa Fé for the Mexican priest, and ask him to come and make us man and wife. I love you and want you to marry me."

Then it was that all the latent Puritanism of the girl's nature had burst upon him, as at the opening of this story. Her fury left the Captain no room to doubt his fatal mistake.

He felt that he could not answer her, face her even, in the mood his proposal had aroused. Wounded sorely, flinching from the hurt as no knife of an enemy could have made him flinch, he took himself out of her presence. Then, with the prompt decision which marked his everyday conduct, he went at once to find Baptiste Gauché, the half-breed guide and *attache*. Him Castane sent post-haste upon the trail of his men, only three days out on their way to the head waters of the Missouri. "Tell them," said he to the messenger, "tell them all to come in. They must go with me and my niece to the settlements. I'll make all losses good."

As for Anita, she lay for a long time on her pallet in a quivering tumult of tears and excitement. How dared Captain Castane ask her to be his wife! she demanded of herself, and her aunt only six months dead,—Anita exaggerated, for it was more than eight months since the Captain had lost his wife; he did not love her, he could not; he only saw in the proposed marriage a convenient way out of the difficulties of the situation; and now she hated him, the only friend she had had in the world. And she wept more and more bitterly as her own forlorn, helpless and hopeless situation forced itself upon her.

Yet, when her passionate resentment had cooled somewhat, Anita was just enough to admit to herself that Captain Castane had been good and kind and tender as a father until that morning. He was handsome and brave, too, and he was

not what she had called him, in her sudden resentment — the worst and most hateful name she knew. How could he have acted so! She did not want to see him again for a whole week, at least. He must find some other apartment now, or she would go live with one of the squaws. There was young Towassie, the wife of the herder, Lodi, who had never taunted her. Toward noon Anita, fearing the Captain would return to the room, was seized with a desire to get outside the fort, to wander away and spend hours and hours alone. There was a square hole in the back wall of her apartment, near the fire-place, which served for a window in the daytime and was blocked up for safety at night. She went to this aperture and looked out. There was no one in sight. She took down her shawl and cap from the wall and climbed through the opening. Outside was a short, rough ladder, such as was kept at every angle, for scaling the walls of the outer fortification and the quadrangle. She lugged this forward and placed it against the cap of the wall, then mounted to the top and peered over. Still no one in sight. The Shoshone camp was upon the creek banks, below the fort, and the wall she had mounted faced the upper or western valley of the stream. Looking behind, she could but just see the top of the fort's gate above the roof of the quadrangle. The post was built on a height, in a bend of the Popo-Agie, overlooking miles of level plain, and on two sides sharp ravines descended into the flat, winding valley of the creek.

Anita seized the top round of the ladder, swung herself over the wall, and dropped lightly to the ground below. When she came back she would go in at the gate. She had often been outside the fort alone, in the early spring, before the camps of wild Indians and the trappers came. When out a few rods from the wall she looked behind again. There was no one to be seen, save a single Indian lying upon his blanket in the shade of the bastion at the northwest corner. Anita looked at the sprawling figure sharply. The Shoshone was either asleep

or, what was still more likely, drunk. And at that time of day it was quite as certain there were a score or more of his fellows lying about at the other extremity of the buildings in the same condition.

What contemptible creatures they were!

She ran swiftly down a steep ravine and into the narrow creek valley. A glance eastward showed her plainly that the Shoshone camp was well hidden from her quarter. She kept along the foot of the bluffs which lined the stream, walking over ground tramped to dust by recent camps and pony herds. Away across upon the opposite bluffs she could see numbers of the fort's mules, and its pony herd grazing lazily. There was apparently no one with the animals, but Anita knew that Lodi, the herder, must be across there somewhere near them. If Lodi should see her, she thought, he would think it was only some squaw, wandering up the stream in search of buffalo berries. There were scattering thickets of willows and clusters of cottonwood and bull-berry along the banks of the stream. At length the girl got beyond the line of recent encampments and found herself among the thin, dry grass of the lower bottom-land. She felt glad to walk there, for this withered meadow, parched as it was, and the trees and bushes along the stream, reminded her of the prairies of Illinois and her early home in New York. The highlands all around her, the slopes of the nearer bluffs, were merely gray, dreary reaches of sage-brush, prickly pear and buffalo grass.

She finally sought the shelter of a cluster of bull-berry trees upon a high bank of the creek. Here she spread her shawl upon the ground and sat in the shelter of the tall bushes. The day was warm, with a mellow September haze which softened the outlines of high-peaked mountains in the near distance. In the bubbling current of the Popo-Agie, which ran in a rocky channel below her seat, whole schools of small fish played near the surface, jumping now and then at swarms of buffalo gnats, or stray deer-flies, hovering at the water's edge.

Anita watched this small life and felt less miserable.

She dreaded the going back and, above all things, wished to avoid meeting Captain Castane again that day. Would he come to her room soon, she wondered. If he did not, no one would be likely to discover her absence, as, after a late breakfast, or when not hungry, she frequently missed the noon meal. Now, however, the run and the long walk she had taken had given her something like an appetite. The sight of the red buffalo-berries overhead tempted her. She gathered some bunches growing in close, fine-fruited clusters, like those of the sumac, and ate the tart fruit with a relish.

After a time Anita curled herself upon her outspread shawl. Having rested but little the night before, she slept easily.

Her awakening was rude enough. She felt herself suddenly rolled tightly in her shawl; then, lifted in strong arms and pinned helplessly, she looked into the grinning, painted face of the Shoshone chief, High Cloud. Her terror was so great, she neither screamed nor struggled. Faint and speechless, she was borne swiftly along the creek's bank for a few rods, then around the edge of a willow thicket to where two ponies were tied. There the chief roughly pinioned her arms in her shawl, passed some strong rawhide thongs about her waist, and threw her upon a blanket-pannier cinched upon one of the ponies.

The terror-stricken girl found her voice at last and screamed for help. The Indian paid not the slightest heed to her outcries. They were quite out of hearing of the fort. Anita realized this herself, as the chief coolly proceeded to fasten her upon the animal's back. In his powerful grasp the girl was but a babe. He quickly knotted a stout lariat at her waist and tied the ends to the rings of a surcingle at the pony's sides. Then he cut the animals loose, mounted his own and drove the one his captive rode swiftly up the valley. He used a short-handled *quirt* with a string of braided lashes, and plied the stinging whip unsparingly. After the first and momen-

tary terror had passed, Anita realized her utter helplessness and understood how hopeless was her case.

At first she looked backward toward the fort in the hope of help and rescue. But the station was beyond the rapidly receding bluffs; even the pony herd had disappeared; no living thing behind the hideous, grinning face of her captor. He rode at her pony's heels slashing its flanks with his many-stringed lash. He carried a short rifle in one hand and at his belt swung a bright new hatchet and a long knife. He grinned at her reassuringly. She was to be his squaw. Three hours of hard riding up that narrow valley and he would have his prize among the mountains and beyond the reach of successful pursuit.

Anita sickened as she saw the look of savage triumph in his face. His success had been as complete as his preparation. Some prowling Indian or squaw had seen the girl on her way up the valley, and thus High Cloud had had time and opportunity to carry out this easy capture.

It was then mid-afternoon, and Anita knew no one had come to her room that day. No one was now likely to discover her absence until night.

Her mind, clear now in the face of this awful danger, quickly settled upon one thing. She would watch closely for some chance of escape that night, even if she must wander about and die alone among the mountains. If this plan should fail, there was a small knife in the pocket of her skirt.

## II.

For two hours or more the Indian urged his ponies at a swift gallop up the narrow valley. The creek offered the safest and best line of retreat. The high plain above grew to rough ground toward the mountains. Up there the closely bunched sage-brush made rapid riding almost impossible, and the elevations were exposed to view from long distances.

Anita, wearied and despairing, rode in listless helplessness. The foothills were near at hand, and the ragged peaks of a high range loomed just beyond. Help from the fort must come soon if at all, and she

felt that it could not come in time to save her. Bend after bend of the stream was passed, point after point of bluff rounded in hurrying flight. The mountains grew nearer and nearer. Then as they passed around a sharp spur of descending bluff Anita saw a most astonishing sight — a horseman, none other than Captain Castane, coming down the valley at an easy canter and riding directly toward her!

Her sudden joy found vent in a shout that was almost a shriek. The shawl which had pinioned her arms had worked upward in the long rough ride and hung loosely about her neck. She caught it over her head and waved it at the coming horseman. But the Shoshone had also seen the Captain. He gave a shrill whoop, the war-cry of his tribe, and rushed his pony in front of the girl.

Castane took in the situation at a glance and spurred his horse straight at them. He was not more than a hundred yards distant. High Cloud leveled his rifle, cunningly keeping Anita's body in direct line with his own. The lariat of the pony, attached to his saddle, was drawn close under the chief's knee, holding the animal's nose against the flank of his own. The Indian's head was stooped in aim. Beyond its ornamented crest, and painted cheek, Anita saw the deadly brown tube held steadily, covering the swiftly coming horseman.

Her joy at sight of Castane was changed to more deathly terror than she had felt for herself, as he came steadily, recklessly on. A sinking, horrible sickness fell upon her. Only by the utmost effort of her will did she seem to keep her reason, her soul within her body, waiting for the fatal shot from that rifle, which it almost seemed she aimed herself. An age of time was compressed within a single minute.

On he came, his own gun only held at a ready! He was almost upon them.

"Anita," he shouted, "fall upon your horse! Down! Quick!"

Intuitively she obeyed.

At that instant the Shoshone's rifle cracked. But Castane, knowing the chief would understand his quick command,

had thrown himself flat upon his pony's neck. The bullet passed harmlessly above his head. He straightened up, bringing his pony to a halt within five paces of the Indian's.

High Cloud had dropped his gun. With a lightning movement he snatched the hatchet from his belt and flung it. Castane, in the act of bringing his rifle to his face, threw the weapon forward, using it as a guard. As the hatchet crashed against the barrel the gun exploded and its bullet whistled skyward. Neither had a pistol.

They flung themselves off their ponies and drew their hunting knives. As they looked each other fiercely in the eye they seemed to come to a quick and tacit understanding. They stepped a few paces further apart and each prepared for the duel, which was to be, literally, "war to the knife" between them.

Watching High Cloud warily, the Captain pulled off his short jacket, and with it unslung his bullet-pouch and powder-horn; then he threw his cap upon the ground and tightened the belt at his waist. The Indian stripped his blanket, cut the strings of his buck-skin leggings, and stood naked, save for the breech-clout.

A terrible fascination was upon Anita. Her eyes were fixed steadily upon the two as they cautiously approached each other. Her hands at the same time, without definite purpose, worked swiftly at the knots about her waist.

The two men — the tall, big-boned Indian, and smaller, compactly built white man — approached like wrestlers, watching for an opening. The ground upon which they fought was nearly level. Their eyes were fixed one upon the other, in the strong, deadly gaze of men bent upon taking life. The Captain held his knife with the point advanced, like a short sword. The Shoshone clasped his with the blade down and thrust forward at an angle. They neared and circled round each other, offering feints and thrusts, and each parrying dexterously. Their knife-blades clicked with a rasping, metallic ring.

The Indian was no novice and no coward. He watched eagerly for a chance to close. Castane was the warier of the two, the point of his knife steadily in the way of advance. He gave ground now and then as the chief pressed upon his guard. Around and around they spun, their movements growing momentarily more rapid and eccentric. Each received slight cuts upon the knife hand.

Anita's brain swam as she watched them. Yet the girl saw everything clearly—the wheeling combatants, the steaming pony of High Cloud, standing with head down in front of her own, the Captain's horse, quietly grazing at her right. She heard the panting of the tired ponies, the short, heavy breathing of the fighting men, as her desperate fingers still sought to unravel the knots at her side. If she only might get free, she would throw herself between the two. Castane would be killed! The huge chief bore him backward in a sudden rush. "Oh God!"

Castane received the knife in his left arm guard. The blade ran through twice, above and below the elbow. At the same instant, as he was forced backward, there was a swift under-movement of his right, and, with the fierce grunt of a stricken grizzly, the Shoshone lurched against him and fell dead at his feet.

It happened as Castane had planned. The chief had mistaken his wariness for fear, and at length came on too recklessly.

But the Captain had received a severe hurt. He attempted to pull the knife from his arm and failed. Pale and faint he turned toward Anita with an assuring smile.

"Oh, come here, come here!" she cried, with outstretched hands.

"Can you stand it to try?" he asked, reeling a little as he walked toward her.

She did not answer, but seized the uplifted wrist of his wounded arm in one hand, placed her knee against his elbow, and drew the weapon out.

"Well done, Anita," he said, and dropped to the ground, where he lay,

almost swooning at first from pain and exhaustion.

Anita slashed the thongs, which her slender fingers had failed to untie, and sprang to the ground. She was in a moment transformed to the alert, sympathetic woman, eager to assist her friend and preserver. She stripped the bare arm and examined it. She had little experience of wounds or cuts, but saw, from the small flow of blood, that no artery had been severed. She cut and tore her shawl into strips and, with his help when he had recovered a little, wound the arm in tight bandages, and fashioned a sling to carry it.

Later, when they rode down the valley, Castane told her how he so fortunately chanced to be at hand in her time of need. He had felt very miserable that morning, he said, smiling soberly, and had gone to the hills to chase elk and try to run off his fit of the blues. He was on his return trip from an unsuccessful chase. He made no further comment on their affair of the morning, and Anita ignored his reference to the episode. She had already said much in heartfelt gratitude. They reached the fort late that night and found the small garrison in arms and also in a great state of excitement over their absence. The Shoshone camp had broken up that afternoon, and the occupants of the station believed the Indians had taken the war-path, and they had not dared to leave their post.

### III.

During the nine days which followed at the fort, Anita kept to her apartment closely. She saw but little of Castane, who busied himself, as well as his wound would permit, in preparing for their departure upon the long journey eastward. Then came the trapper company, and a hurrying ride half way across the continent. Anita traveled in a covered wagon, drawn by mules. Every comfort that was possible was provided for her,—an easy seat, warm clothing and an abundance of buffalo robes for the cold weather. The trappers, twenty-three of them, doubly armed, marched like cavalry troops on

either hand. At night the girl slept in the wagon, a strong guard surrounding, while the relief took to their blankets upon the ground. The Captain's men were kind and attentive, cheering her with badoings when she drooped, and caring for her, even the rudest of them, with a tenderness which went to the young girl's heart. The fort, they often told her, had lost its one attraction; they were going to move headquarters next year to Mexico. More than once, in that long journey, Anita assured herself there was no wonder her aunt had been willing to follow Captain Castane to the ends of the earth.

But few Indians were encountered, and those not hostile. The Sioux war parties, it seemed, had broken up in midsummer, owing to quarrels among their own bands. This news was learned at Fort Laramie, where the company stopped to rest their animals for a day.

The Captain and Anita reached St. Louis late in November. Anita was placed in charge of a merchant's family with whom Castane was acquainted, while he himself attended to business for a week.

At the end of that period he came to her. As he wanted to see her alone and on business, he was shown to her room by a member of the family. And when he came in, dressed in neat civilian's suit, his hair neatly trimmed and his face clean shaven, Anita hardly recognized him. He was wonderfully improved in appearance, and he had never really needed to be ashamed of his looks.

He plunged into the affair in hand at once, on taking a seat in front of her. He paid not the slightest compliment or heed to the new and becoming costume she wore.

Her future was prepared for, he told her, if she would accept such provision as he had been able to make. A certain stockholder of the Traders' Bank, with whom he did business, would gladly give her a home in his family, and he himself

had placed a sum at her command, which would probably provide for her needs until she should marry. And in the spring, when the boats ran, if she should still wish to go to her relatives in New York, his provision for her should remain the same in the matter of money. She was his ward now, by force of circumstances, although she was such an independent young lady—smiling for the first time—that she would not need to have him legally appointed. He had discovered, also, that the land her father had taken, under the Script Act, over in Illinois, was likely to become valuable as the country improved, and in a few years she might expect at least a living income from the tract. He had appointed an agent—whose address he gave her—to look after her property.

As for himself, he said, he must leave at once to follow his men up the Missouri a few hundred miles, where he proposed, in the spring, to establish a trading post of his own.

"But you have not come to say good-bye *now?*" asked Anita. She had up till that moment, after her first greeting, listened to him in her usual respectful manner.

"Yes," he answered, very soberly, "I have no time to spare, but must get off at once, in order to overhaul my men."

Anita's cheeks burned and her eyes filled. She looked at him through her tears until she could stand it no longer; then she buried her hot face in her hands. Men are so utterly stupid at times. "Oh," she cried, her voice quavering, "I—I don't want you to go! I—I couldn't live if you were to be—be—killed!"

"Anita!"

There was such a sudden, glad ring in the Captain's voice that she dared look up at him, just for an instant.

Then, held close in Castane's arms, the Puritan maiden felt all the past swept to indefinite distances.

## A QUESTIONABLE RUSE.

BY RICHARD SAXE JONES.

WARRINER could not have told, himself, how it began. It was one of those love affairs which, without beginning, take to themselves a "Topsy-vian" character and just grow.

Perhaps it could be traced to a day in May, when Genevieve was but six years old, and he, Warriner Werdon, was nine. Genevieve's sister Mary was eight years old that day, and a party had been given in her honor. There was a ring hidden in a cake, and Warriner drew the slice containing the ring ; and then the grown-up lovers, whose experience rendered them domineering, requested, urged and fairly demanded him to present the ring to the happy little lady in whose honor the party had been given. But Warriner haughtily, and doubtless very naughtily, crossed the room and, bowing low, presented it to Genevieve.

That may not have been the exact date of the origin of this love affair, for it is logical to assume that there was a history yet back of that event which prompted Warriner's action ; but that was at least the first formal announcement of the passion.

And, too, that was the first public demonstration of a characteristic of Genevieve's which developed with her increasing years. For she received the ring with a quiet little wave of six-year-old dignity, and, saying "I don't think it's fair to give it to anyone but Mamie," handed it to Miss Mary.

There were tears at the home of the Werdons that evening, when the joy of the party had been displaced by the sad reflections of a boy's late bedtime. But if there were tears in the heart of a six-year-old maiden, they were left in innocent concealment.

It must have been often thus thereafter; for, with the comparatively rare opportunities I had of watching these lovers, come

many recollections of the wounded pride of the youth and dignified indifference of the maiden. (Was it indifference ? I do not know, do you?)

I remember one incident on "Bumpy Hill." That was our favorite coasting resort, before toboggans had driven sleds from the market, and before ebullient sliding down-hill had given place to scientific tobogganing. I wonder if measured and bounded sports are as full of true mirth as were those unlimited manifestations of boy and girl nature !

The evening to which I refer was when Warriner was about fourteen. There were many of us sliding. Genevieve was, as usual, somewhat the favorite with those who preferred a long slide to a roll in the snow, for none of us dared roll Genevieve in the snow. She had distributed her favors with reasonable impartiality, until Warriner saw, or thought he saw, a show of favoritism when she took her seat for the third successive ride with Will Jocelyn. It happened that Anna Jocelyn was the only girl left at the top of the hill for Warriner to take down, and Warriner liked Anna well enough ; but when he saw Genevieve start on Will's sled, he allowed his jealousy and anger to overcome his courtesy, and slid down alone.

It was only a little while before he repented of his rudeness and apologized to Anna, and then asked Genevieve and Anna to slide together ; but Genevieve, thanking him, declined, remembering at that moment that she must hurry home ; while Anna accepted, and he was compelled to carry her down the hill. Genevieve walked home alone.

In those days our principal indoor entertainment consisted of games, which usually took the form of "kissing games" when the members of the fair sex were present. But none of the boys kissed

Genevieve. She was "not of the kissing kind," as we expressed it. It would have been hard to analyze the words as applied to Genevieve, but there was simply something about her which held us aloof. And yet we did not resent it in her. We liked her; she was full of fun, but kissing was not fun as she saw it. Mary was not so lively as Genevieve, yet we all kissed Mary.

Genevieve did not run away from those kissing games; but when we came to the place where a boy was entitled to a kiss from Genevieve he did not get it. This exception was not always allowed without a remonstrance. We each tried at times to compel her to live up to the general rule. I remember very distinctly when I tried to bring the young lady to be a socialist in that regard. We were playing "Copenhagen" and I had earned the kiss. She did not struggle, nor do I remember that she said I could not kiss her; but she looked at me in that way which forbade the familiarity—and I did not kiss her. I would now, I think! Would you? Still, I don't know as I would, if she looked like that.

Everyone of older years spoke of her as a "little lady," while we of fewer years divided our opinions between those who expressed theirs that she was "just too stuck-up for anything" (those were mostly girls) and those who thought that she was a "jolly good girl, but"—we could not say what.

When Warriner was nineteen he went away to college. Soon after he left, Genevieve's father died, and she retired from the gay social life which permeated our "young set" in Ballister. It was not until she had reached the age of twenty that she doffed the black gowns and appeared among us again, a divinely beautiful woman. Tall, graceful, her queenly shoulders surmounted by a head of golden-brown hair, never golden only, nor brown as a distinctive shade, but a silken texture of lights and shades, auburn or brown or golden as the rays of the sun or of candles directed the tint.

She was not so beautiful if you think of

beauty by details of feature; but as she crossed the room and turned to look at you, or as she walked along the street, or as that saddened smile lit up her face in conversation, you would have said, as we all said, that she was "simply divine."

It was no sudden change from a bright young girl to a handsome woman, but a natural development with Genevieve. The reserve and dignity of the girl appeared in the grace of the woman. The semi-superiority of the younger days left an acknowledged superiority in these later ones. It was not repelling, nor had it ever been, but it was very real.

Warriner was at home for the long vacations only, and each vacation brought to him a surprised sense of her increasing loveliness. He was ever as devoted as she would allow him to be, but she received his attentions with an air of unconsciousness which tantalized him, while it held him aloof. He invited her to every festivity, but she seldom accepted; yet always with the best excuse for her non-acceptance. At any entertainment, dance or other public place, his attentions would increase until noticeable, and then, as if by her command, would cease,—not that she did command him, but by that command of herself which he knew so well and had learned to obey.

The years added themselves to the years past, and Warriner was at last twenty-five,—a college graduate with a law-school diploma, ready to start in his profession. He was fairly handsome, large, broad of shoulder, seemed older than his years, and was quite the admiration of men and the adoration of the gentler sex. His years of training had been devoted to body, as well as mind, and both had profited by diligent exercise, until he was as well equipped for the battle of affairs as any young man whom Ballister had sent out into the world. And he determined to go forth and conquer a position in the world.

Ballister was quite an old "city" for Wisconsin. It had been struggling with the census for over twenty years without

changing its five thousand inhabitants to six thousand. It had expanded and improved during that period, but the inducements of larger cities, and of the newer West, had constantly called away the young men whose ambitions grew beyond her ability to fulfill them. And so Warriner, seeing no opportunity broad enough at home, sought a city, and one in the growing West. His choice fell on "The City of the Angels," and California claimed him as her own.

Before leaving Ballister he decided to try for a promise which would reserve for him the hand he had so long coveted. Present marriage was impracticable, but he would ask that Genevieve wait until he had earned a name and a fortune equal to her deserving ambition and her most highly appreciated deserts. He made opportunities for speaking on the subject time and time again. He was not bashful, nor awkward, nor embarrassed, nor unclever; and these opportunities usually came at his own planning. And yet, as he felt that the moment had arrived when he might easily speak of his love for her, he also felt an awe-struck humility and timidity which was as foreign to his real self as it was surprising.

The first failure in this way grew upon him and rendered the later ones certain. He was not easy in her presence any more. He felt that she must see his embarrassment and smile at its manifestation. She was so queenly and so gentle, so kind to him, yet so dignified! The same Genevieve, before whose calm disapproval he had wept at nine years of age, before whose injured pride he had received merited punishment at fourteen, now held him at her own measured distance at twenty-five, while he fretted that he, a man, should be held at bay by a woman. He felt that it was weakness; yet he was one of the last of men to whom the word would apply.

He went to Los Angeles without a word of love to her, without even a request that she write to him. He could not speak as he had determined to speak,

and contented himself with the half-contentment of hearing from her by way of his sisters.

He had been in Los Angeles a little over a year, had tried his first case in the Superior Court, and had succeeded in properly guarding his client's interests. He had begun to feel the successful lawyer in him fast coming to the surface, when the "boom" came.

Those who really know what booms are, from living in and through them, know that a lawyer becomes a real estate agent whether he wills or wills not. And Los Angeles had the boom of booms!

Men went to bed with five hundred dollars invested in acres and awoke with ten thousand dollars' worth of city lots. Gas companies, water companies, electric companies, every conceivable company, wanted a lawyer to take a block of stock and attend to the business; and as the profits began to show enormously, the company would increase its stock by three or four ciphers and then sell out. Anything would sell. You could swindle an Eastern man out of ten thousand dollars to-day, in selling him lots, and to-morrow he would thank you for *giving* him the property. Warriner profited by the boom.

Of course the boom "busted." The millionaires of one day were property poor the next; but there were a very few who sold out at the top, or had reduced their holdings to "inside," interest-paying property. Warriner was one of the latter. His head grew dizzy with figuring profits. And the day when he first saw a million dollars within easy reach was a day of delirium.

It was not long before he was back in Ballister with renewed determination to seek a bride; and there was but one he cared to seek. His sisters had kept him in constant assurance that no other affair of the heart seemed to have interfered with his prospects. He knew that they were right when he had talked with Genevieve an hour, and he decided to lose nothing by delay, but to boldly ask for her hand.

He was in Ballister one week—two weeks—three—four—five—six weeks, and then returned to Los Angeles without even a promise from Genevieve that she would write.

Why? Well, he would have been glad to know exactly why, himself. It was that indescribable fear of her answer. That distant dignity, asserting itself ever. That superior air of indifference, as it seemed to him. That over-awing sense of his own unfitness when he thought of her divine loveliness. And he acknowledged that he was a fool in love.

This last silent rebuttal was almost too much for Warriner. At first he fell into a dispirited, disinterested state, which worried his friends greatly. Then he grew cynical and bitter, and offended many of his best friends, especially among the ladies. It was in one of these cynical moods that I found him when I first came to Los Angeles. The gladness of greeting one who had just come from Ballister, and had seen Genevieve, brought a warm welcome, which melted away the icy cynicism and allowed the blossoms of confidence to spring up as if by magic.

He told me all about his troubles with himself, in regard to Genevieve, and I urged him to write her, to confess his embarrassment when with her, admit his admiration, and thus open a way to a declaration of his love.

He acted on my advice, and wrote. Letter after letter lay in his desk for a week at a time, only to be read to me and then destroyed. He could not express himself satisfactorily—that is, not to Genevieve. Anyone else would have understood him, but she was so impressive, and that letter's first impression would carry his fate with it. It was impossible to think of words fitting the occasion when he should ask Genevieve Mortimer to write.

It was a sad experience to me, to see a strong man, with the supreme energy and nerve-power that Warriner displayed in everything else, completely dismayed at the thought of being criticised by a woman. I was tempted to deliberately

write a letter, sign his name, and mail it without his knowledge.

One day I met him at the Hotel Monté. "I have at last hit upon a perfect plan to get a letter from Genevieve without in the least compromising my hopes," he said, "and when I receive her letter I will tell you all about it."

It was five months before I was in Los Angeles again and called on Warriner in his office. There was a wonderful change in his appearance, for his face was fairly radiant with joy. I knew at once that matters must be settled between Genevieve and him, so I awaited calmly the explanation which I felt sure would follow his first moment of leisure. He soon made the leisure by disposing of a client rather unceremoniously. I think it will be well to tell his story in his own words :

"Well, you know I had studied for some time over the question of proposing to Genevieve. Yes, it may have been ever since I was born,—I'm not sure when it began. As to corresponding with her—that began to worry me about eight years ago, I think; but you know how hard it must be for anyone to approach *such* a woman as Genevieve on such a subject. Oh, you think it need not be so hard, but you try it once after you fall in love with *such* a woman. Yes, your wife is all right, but then—Genevieve!"

"Can't you see her now, old fellow, just as I get ready to say some sweet word, or maybe have it in mind to take her hand, or even dare to think of what a lovely opportunity I have to slip my arm around her waist? Can't you see her changing chairs, with a remark about how uncomfortable that chair always seems to her,—and not a blush, not a single air of any kind to tell you that she knew your thoughts? Why, darn it, man! she has deliberately left me, to order a glass of water, when I could have thrown glass and all through the side of the house! You don't know Genevieve!"

"It took a long time for the right inspiration to seize hold of me, I know, but it came; and my dear, charming old boy,

I have it from her ! I have it here ! No, you shall not see it till I tell you how I got it. It cost money, but good things come high, and I had to have this regardless of cost. Oh, dear boy, how much would you give for such a letter from the best woman on earth !—I beg your wife's pardon, but you know how long I waited for this !

" Well, you see, it was this way. The thought was in my mind many times that if I could only do her some very delicate favor, in such a way that she would be compelled to acknowledge it by letter,—not something so pronounced as to be rude, nor so immaterial as to go unnoticed, but something so full of meaning for her alone as to require more than simple thanks — you see ? —

" I tried flowers and fruit, in the old, old way. She asked my sister to thank me when she should write. I sent her a rare palm, all potted finely, in the care of Dr. Nonglove, when he was returning from here last spring. She asked the Doctor to express her warmest thanks when he saw me again. You see, you don't know Genevieve as well as you thought. I might have sent her a house and lot, and got word from the postmaster that she would thank me personally when she saw me. She knew I was just dying for a letter, and she decided to let me die.

" So I began to study out a plan which she could hardly get around without being rude. The attention must be so delicate that she must either notice it herself, or give me notice by her silence that my attentions were not favored, and then — well I suppose it would have been suicide — but it is not suicide, old fellow ; the ice is shattered into smithereens.

" My ruse ? I decided to write a story, some simple little love affair that would touch her heart, have it published in *Harper's* or *The Century*, and send a marked copy to her ' with regards of the author,' and with some of the more personal passages underscored. And when the sympathies of the lady were aroused, I hoped that she would write and tell me of the interest she took in my story.

" The thought filled me with poetry. I could hardly wait for pen and paper. I wrote as only an inspired genius could write. It was complete in four hours and on its way to *Harper's*. Just ten days later — I do not see how they had time to read it — it was back here, politely declined.

" I was a little discouraged but on re-reading it I could see some of the errors of construction which might be objectionable, and, correcting them, I sent it to *The Century*. It was fourteen days on the round trip this time, and I began to think it was accepted, as silence means consent, when it was returned — declined with thanks. The thanks being for the fun of declining it, I suppose.

" But it is a splendid little story, and I went on sending it to this, that and the other magazine, without any acceptance, and not a word from Genevieve.

" To make a long story short, a chap came into my office one day seeking subscriptions for the *Ambrose Ladies' Magazine*. It was Fate sending me favors. I showed him my story. He shook his head and said he was very sorry but — I did not wait for him to tell me what. I simply asked him how many subscriptions at three dollars per annum it would take to get that story published in his magazine. " For a hundred subscriptions it shall be the leading illustrated story," he said. I closed the bargain before he could have time to retract, and there's the story. Everyone says that it's the best thing in the magazine, and you can see that for yourself. It ought to be, it cost the most.

" I sent the magazine, marked in the right places, to Genevieve, with the author's autograph and compliments. It was done, and my dear old fellow it was a success. Here's her letter :

" **BALLISTER**, January 5, 1890.  
My Sincere Friend,— Your beautiful sketch received. We hope to see more of your work in this line. Thanking you for both mamma and myself, GENEVIEVE MORTIMER."

" Is that all you have to show for your three hundred dollars ! " I involuntarily

exclaimed. But my remark did not abate his enthusiasm in the least.

"You see," he said, "I didn't develop all my plans to you. I had studied this thing too long to make any such error or omission as you would seem to imply. I expected no more than this note. Is it not enough for a first note—and from Genevieve! I would have given all I possess for it years ago,—before I possessed anything, you were about to say. Well, it was enough for me, for I was prepared for it. Why should I expect more from one so reserved, so dignified, so haughty, so beautiful and so perfect! O, my dear boy, I know I am madly in love, but not so madly as to let this stop here.

"Long before her letter came, I had sketched and re-sketched my reply. Here is one of the rough drafts of it. It is so planned as to prevent its being final. That was really the greatest merit of my entire plan; like a well organized battle, it was so complete as to meet even the unexpected.

"You can readily understand that she could not ask me to write. As I said before, why should she, with her beautiful, dignified reserve? Yes, my dear sir; your wife is not that kind, though. Of course she seems good enough to you, but you have never known Genevieve as I know her.

"Well, I filled in the necessary data and sent this letter, which I had prepared very carefully.

"LOS ANGELES, January 12, 1890.

"My Dear Miss Genevieve,—Your very kind note of the 5th inst. does not call for any reply, but one would needs be a stranger to your good qualities who could receive the favor of a note from you without acknowledgment.

"That my little story has been so well received by my friends; that it has been read by you; that *you* speak of it as beautiful, is more than sufficient reward for the effort expended upon it. [No, I did not say anything about the three hundred dollars.] I do not intend to let any talent I may seem to have in that direction slum-

ber, but, in fact, have already prepared the plot for another story.

"For lack of a fitting conclusion, I have not as yet filled in the outline, and your kind note prompts me to ask your opinion as to how this new story shall end

"I will give you a mere skeleton of the plan of my second sketch and leave it to your better judgment as to the proper finale. The question puzzling me being simply, Shall she or shall she not answer the letter? And as the query is answered shall the remainder of the story be told. If she replies, you will appreciate that it must be the old, old story—And they lived happily ever after. If she does not answer, there is much room to enlarge upon the result. I leave it entirely to you. The plot is this:—

"A young man in, say in B—, has a great and unlimited admiration for a very, very beautiful woman. Let us call her G— for the sake of a name. The young man is a lawyer, not easily embarrassed as a rule. He is a good fellow, well-to-do, reasonably smart, fairly good looking. The young lady is reserved, dignified, and oh, so lovely, graceful, beautiful and accomplished! The young man is not himself in her presence. In fact, he acts like a fool if she but looks at him. He dares not tell her of his great love, etc., etc. Though he frequently determines to speak with her as to his future and to ask her if there is any chance that she might be interested in it, yet her dignified reserve overpowers his resolutions and he goes to—well, the West, to live. He is afraid even to ask G— to write to him. He determines to write to her time and time again, and that irrepressible but indefinable *something* prevents his mailing the letters. At last he hits upon a little piece of strategy. He writes a story. It is so well done that the first magazine publisher who comes along accepts it and gains a hundred subscribers thereby. [Keep still while I read! No, I did not underscore 'comes along.' ] He sends a marked copy of the story to G—. What must

result? G—— cannot but acknowledge the compliment; she writes a short but exquisite note of thanks. He is not satisfied that it should end thus, so he writes her a long letter, enclosing a story for which he asks her to supply the conclusion; and she — WHAT? I should like to have you decide upon the answer to this question. Believe me to be your sincere

friend and admirer, as you must have long known me — Warriner Werdon."

He had sent that letter on January 12th, and it was then February 9th.

I went to San Francisco the next day and, not hearing from him, I wrote him yesterday to learn whether Genevieve had ever replied.

## A WHITNEY GIRL.

BY KATHERINE BATES.

"AFTER all, she looks best in Nan's hat."

"No, she doesn't. Nan's needs a little more loose hair around the face; as long as hers wont curl, she had better wear Peg's broad one that sets well down on her head."

The girl who stood before the glass trying on her sisters' hats, turned impatiently. "Good gracious!" she said. "What earthly difference does it make just how I do look? If only you girls could make up your minds that I am real down homely, life would be a good deal simpler for us all. Every time I am asked anywhere we go through all this, and no one cares two pins how one of the Whitney girls looks!"

The four older sisters looked very uncomfortable. "Don't talk like that, Jennie," Peg, the oldest, said at last.

"Well, it is true," Jennie answered. "You never had the sort of times other girls have, did you? I know Nan and I never had any attention shown us from the time we were chosen last to play games at school up to now, when we are only asked to moonlight picnics and surprise parties by the boy who makes up his mind to go too late to get any other girl. I suppose it was the same way with you, and Liza and Sue."

The five women stood and looked at each other. They were all tall and painfully thin, with prominent cheek bones and sunken eyes. Their mother had died

of consumption, and it was confidently expected in the neighborhood that the girls would eventually "go off" as she had gone. Jennie was less pale and thin than the others; her eyes, though deep-set, were blue, not gray, and her hair had a slightly reddish shade to it, which made her look more positively alive than her sisters. They had thought her pretty, had reveled in the belief that she was popular, had rejoiced that she seemed gay and happy. Liza had once called Peg's attention to the merriment of her laugh. "I declare," she had said, "she laughs right out, just the way I have always wanted to all my life, only there never was any reason big enough to justify it. I am glad she and Nan don't have to scrimp quite as we did." Jennie had never before spoken as to-day, and now was heartily ashamed of herself.

"I don't know what made me say all that," she said apologetically, looking at the pained faces. "Of course I am glad to be a Whitney, and we have plenty of good times if we are poor and plain."

"Yes," said Liza, "and the Whitneys have always been respected in the church here. Grandpa and Pa were both respected highly, and each was superintendent of Sunday-school five years, you know."

"Yes, of course they were," said Jennie. "Tremendously respected — so it does not much matter that we girls aren't — well, what the Springer girls are."

"Thank Heavens!" said Liza, "we aren't as foolish in our talk as they are."

Jennie wore her own hat when she went that afternoon with Jim Russell to the basket picnic over by the river. She put on the freshly-ironed linen lawn that had been Nan's the summer before, pinning it at the neck with Peg's pin which had Grandma Whitney's hair in it.

"Clothes look just like me," she muttered to herself, "and like Peg and Sue and Nan and Liza."

It was a long drive to the bluffs. Usually when Jennie went to picnics with one of the boys she made an effort to be "sprightly"; to-day the unwonted bitter streak had mastery of her and she sat in almost utter silence, even when other buggies passed them with gaily laughing Springer or Brown girls in them.

"He might have asked one of them if he'd wanted a lively time," she thought; and then remembered that he probably had, and had then asked her to show some one was glad to go with him.

Jim, too, was very quiet. He drove carefully over the deep ruts in the road, his whole attention apparently centered on doing as little injury as possible to the springs of his new buggy. As they came near the end of the six-mile drive he suddenly turned to her.

"Jennie," he said, "I have always liked you first rate, as you know. Do you suppose you could ever love me enough to marry me?"

She stared at him, dumbfounded. Was one of the Whitney girls having a proposal! Another feeling succeeded the surprise and she looked away quickly, while the color rushed to her pale cheeks. Before she had time to speak they turned a corner and found themselves surrounded by the picnickers.

"Come along," called Bess Springer. "You are the very last. Hurry up and tie your horse, and let's climb the bluffs before supper-time."

The sisters were waiting to talk it all over with Jennie when she got home. After her speeches of the morning they hesitated about questioning her, but she

sat down by the kitchen table where Peg was finishing the ironing, and told all about it.

"Yes, a very good supper. We spread it on the grass beneath the big elm tree. The only trouble was that there were too many black ants. We had lots of good cake and fried chicken. Mrs. Woods' lemon pies and your cookies, Sue, were the best things." She did not tell that when the cookies were passed, after several rich cakes, Bess Springer had exclaimed: "Cookies! Oh, yes, from the Whitneys!"

"Was the river pretty?" asked Nan; she had never been to a bluff picnic.

"Oh, yes, real pretty, and everybody enjoyed climbing the bluffs. The Brown girls were afraid they were going to fall, and made lots of fun." She rose, went to the shelf where the bucket of water stood, and drank little sips aimlessly from the tin cup.

"Hurry and get your drink and tell us what happened beside supper and climbing the bluffs," said Nan, impatiently.

Jennie turned and faced the sisters.

"On the way over," she said, quietly, "Jim said he loved — liked me, and wanted me to marry him."

Peg dropped her iron. They all gazed silently at Jennie. Through Peg's mind passed a vision of Jennie in a two-story home of her own on the next farm, a nice parlor with tidies on every chair,— tidies made by Jennie's sisters,— sweet little children about the place, always clamoring to go over and see their aunts. Her thoughts traveled so rapidly that before the silence was broken one of these children had grown into a very pretty girl, who stopped on her way home from picnics to tell her dear old aunts what a lovely time she had had. They knew she had been the belle of the picnic, though she was much too sweet to mention the fact. Liza's voice dispelled the vision. Liza was always the first to speak.

"You dear girl," she said, "I just know you will be real happy. Jim was always a good boy."

"I am not going to marry him," said Jennie.

"Jennie! why not?" The four asked the question together.

Jennie hesitated. "Well," she said, "I am not set on it; and I suppose I am liable to have consumption some day, and perhaps I ought not to get married."

"That's silly," said Sue. "Because mother had it is no sign you will. You have never had any cough to speak of."

The others began their protests, but she interrupted them.

"Consumption hasn't got anything to do with it," she said. "I wanted to think it over—proposals being sort of new to me, you know—so I went off by myself

down by the spring under the bank for a minute or so after supper. Bess Springer and Tom Johnson were there, and I heard Bess telling how Jim proposed to Sally last night and was awfully cut up because she would not have him. So it was not much of an offer after all, you see. Good-night, girls."

As she turned to leave the kitchen she stopped for a second by the ironing board and laid her hand on Peg's shoulder. "Peggy," she said tenderly, with her voice trembling a little, "there certainly never was as good a man in all Missouri as Pa—unless it was Grandpa."

## TO ST. VALENTINE.



*"Oh Valentine, sweet Valentine,  
Have pity on this heart of mine!  
I'm but a little, timid maid,  
And sore beset and half afraid.  
And Valentine, if you must know,  
I'm sure that Richard loves me so,  
But when he tries to tell how dear  
I am to him,—Oh dear, 'tis queer,—  
He cannot speak for very fear!"*

*"And Valentine, good Valentine,  
Whene'er his eyes are turned to mine,  
I read therein his love so plain,  
That longing look I can't disdain.  
And now, sweet Valentine, I pray  
You'll take his timid fear away,  
And teach him words to say to me.  
I'd hang my head so timidly  
That he could scarce my rapture see."*

Edward B. Wilson.

## MY VALENTINE.

*I have a sweetheart far away  
In the land of snow and cold;  
I am resolved to write, this day,  
My very gayest, gladdest lay,—  
Though I fear I'm overbold,—  
That you may know this boy of mine  
I chose to be my valentine.  
He has brown hair like thistle-down;  
Eyes hazel, black or golden brown,—  
The very prettiest eyes in town;  
Scarlet lips, a nice straight nose,  
Generous ears, and dear pink toes;*

*One "plenty has" and one "has none,"  
One "goes to market" there to roam,—  
O, how deliciously he crows  
When the "little pig" squeals home!  
He likes to make a deaf'ning din,—  
I'll not forget that chubby chin,—  
He's just the grandest boy that goes!  
And don't you think his "Aunty Min"  
Her worldly wisdom wondrous shows  
To choose him for her valentine,  
And write for him this "funny" rhyme  
About his pretty eyes and toes?*

Mary A. Kirkup.

## THE WOMEN'S CLUBS OF MICHIGAN.

BY HATTIE SANFORD RUSSELL.

EGHTY-ONE years ago last September in a humble home of a little Vermont town, equidistant from the foot of the Green Mountains and Lake Champlain, a little girl baby was born. Hinesburg was the seat of an excellent New England academy, and was half-way between Middlebury College on the south and the State University at Burlington on the north. And so we may readily imagine that elevating influences clustered around and ambitious longings filled the childhood of Lucinda Hinsdale.

The visiting theological students found much to admire in the little village of Hinesburg. Its homes were hospitable; the latch-string of the door was always out, and its young people were inclined to study; so we are not surprised to learn that in 1840 Rev. James A. B. Stone, then pastor of a Baptist Church in Gloucester, Mass., was united in marriage to Lucinda Hinsdale.

The bride's years of young womanhood had been spent in study. Lucinda had attended school at the academy, but, when she expressed a desire to go to college, had brought upon herself a storm of ridicule. She had read French with a native teacher; she had read Greek and Latin with her minister; and afterwards had taught in the seminaries of Middlebury and Burlington, and for three years had been private tutor in the family of a wealthy slave-owner, having sometimes for a pupil the future wife of Jefferson Davis.

Soon after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Stone left the East for Michigan and for more than twenty years they were connected with Kalamazoo College. Doctor Stone was the first President of the College and his wife was Principal of the Ladies' Department. There were inaugurated those wonderful tourist classes which have done so much toward edu-

cating the women of our country. In company with ladies Mrs. Stone has many times visited Europe, Egypt, Syria and Palestine, she being the first woman in America to take classes abroad for study.

Since taking up her residence in Michigan she has conducted History and Art classes in many cities and larger towns, and the numerous Women's Clubs throughout the state are—directly or indirectly—the result of these labors.

She has been a widow for many years. From her home in Kalamazoo she is conducting, by correspondence, Emerson and Browning clubs and various other organizations for study scattered all over the country. She is ever planning something for the betterment of humanity. She still has a message for us, as may be inferred from the excellent likeness which accompanies this paper.



MRS. HATTIE SANFORD RUSSELL,  
Hudson, Michigan.

This one woman's work is blossoming and bearing fruit in unexpected nooks and corners of her adopted State; and from Monday until Saturday, for at least nine months of the year, women all over Michigan are meeting in organized bodies, (1) "for the study of literature and current events, for the discussion of social problems, and for the promotion of good will toward each other and to all the world,"—(2) "to improve the condition of women, both mentally and socially, and to advance their cause,"—(3) for "mutual improvement in literary, scientific and educational topics,"—(4) "for cultivating an interest in literary work among the women of the neighborhood,"—(5) "for intellectual, scientific, aesthetic and liberal culture and inquiry,"—(6) "for the study of Shakspeare's plays and other dramatic literature,"—(7) "for

word study in connection with American literature and art,"—(8) "for the study of parliamentary law,"— and — here and there a club—(9) "to secure to women a legal and political equality with men."

It will interest not a few to know that among the prominent clubs of Michigan the meeting nights are as follows:

Monday, at Alma, Big Rapids, Detroit, Hillsdale, Kalamazoo, Manistee, Marshall, Romeo, St. Louis.

Tuesday, at Adrian, Belding, Flint, Grand Rapids, Hudson, Jackson, Lapeer, Leslie, Mt. Clemens, Schoolcraft.

Wednesday, at Augusta, Charlotte, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Jackson, St. John's.

Thursday, at Detroit, Dowagiac, Grand Rapids, Reed City.

Friday, at Allegan, Battle Creek, Bay City, Caro, Detroit, Eaton Rapids, Hastings, Howell, Hudson, Lansing, Manistee, Mendon, Muskegon, Portland, Saginaw, Traverse City, Williamston.

Saturday, at Charlotte, East Tawas, Grand Rapids, Ionia, Jackson, Sault Ste. Marie and Mt. Pleasant.

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Of the General Federation of Women's Clubs,—a world's organization formed in New York City in 1890,—two Michigan clubs were charter members,—the Woman's Club of Detroit and the Tuesday Club of Jackson, and at its biennial meetings since held (Chicago in 1892, Philadelphia in 1894,) more than four hundred clubs have joined, twenty being Michigan organizations.

Into the State Federation of Women's Clubs, organized in Lansing in 1895, fifty-three clubs went as charter members, and at the meeting recently held in Grand Rapids this number was increased to sixty-two.

The oldest club in the State Federation is most appropriately the Ladies' Library Club of Kalamazoo. Under the stimulating influence of Mrs. Stone's History



MRS. LUCINDA HINSDALE STONE,  
of Kalamazoo, Honorary President of the Michigan State Federation  
of Women's Clubs.

Classes an association was formed in 1873 for the "promotion of moral and intellectual improvement in the town of Kalamazoo." Mrs. Ruth Webster donated a lot for the building of a club house, which was completed in 1878,—the first enterprise of the kind accomplished by women. The building is valued at \$25,000, and contains a library of 4,000 volumes and many valuable casts and beautiful pictures, contributions of admiring friends. The Club's membership, one hundred and fifty, is divided into four sections, each in charge of a chairman or leader. Art and Literature, Science and Education, History, and Miscellaneous Topics are discussed, each in its season and place. This gem from one of Mrs. Stone's "talks" has been adopted by the club as its motto :

*"Honesty of thought, sincerity and freedom of expression, mutual helpfulness through association."*

The oldest organized club in Michigan is the Ladies' Literary Club of Grand Rapids. This is the outgrowth of Mrs. Stone's History Class formed in 1869-70. The ladies in attendance were so enthusiastic, and their numbers increased so



MRS. IRMA T. JONES,  
of Lansing, President of the Michigan State Federation  
of Women's Clubs.

rapidly, that in 1872 measures were adopted which resulted in the formation of "L. L. C.," the sixth oldest club in the United States. During 1877-78 several members took courses with a Boston Home Study Society in Geology, Zoölogy and Botany, giving the results of their application to the Club in the form of lectures—illustrated by drawings, geological specimens and pressed flowers—which were alike enjoyable to the listener and creditable to the student. Eighteen years after its formation its membership had reached five hundred and twenty-eight, and it was decided that when its membership should fall to five hundred, this number should be the limit. In 1890 classes for special study were formed, and in one of these George Eliot's works were so carefully studied that a dramatized presentation of "Romola," prepared by Mrs. Gonzales, elicited hearty commendation. Classes in French Art, a Darwin class, a Shakespeare group, Grecian, Persian, Spanish, German and English History, and a Magazine class, have all been equally successful. In 1886 we find the



MRS. LORRAINE IMMEN,  
First Corresponding Secretary of the Michigan State Federation  
of Women's Clubs, and Honorary President  
of the Alsbic Club, Grand Rapids.



MRS. ANNA A. PALMER,  
of Saginaw, Vice-President of the Michigan State Federation  
of Women's Clubs.

L. L. C. paying \$3,500 for a lot on which to build a home; \$6,000 was raised for this purpose by subscription, the corner stone was laid in 1887, and in 1888 the Club House opened with a public reception.

The L. L. C. home is a beautiful building of pressed brick with terra cotta trimmings, having a slate roof and—in the library and hall—windows of stained glass. The well-lighted library is finished in oak, is lined with book-cases containing 1,500 volumes, its handsome grate and mantel and easy-chairs making it an ideal room for study. Connecting with this room, also with the reception hall, is the auditorium, its dome-shaped ceiling frescoed in delicate pinks and blues, the floors covered with brussels of softly harmonizing yellowish browns. A large stage with dressing-rooms on either side, a lunch room and the necessary accessories of kitchen, etc., make it easy for the ladies to entertain their friends, and on numerous occasions has their hospitality been proven.

Recently the Club has purchased additional land. The possibilities of a Club of five hundred such bright, progressive, intelligent women, banded together for mutual improvement, are immeasurable.

One of the most progressive clubs of the State is the Woman's Club of Detroit. Formed in 1873 under the magnetic influence of Mrs. Frances E. Bagley, it was modeled somewhat after the New England Woman's Club, of Boston, and although "organized for the purpose of study and improvement" it has reached out in many directions and given practical demonstration of its intense earnestness and whole-hearted philanthropy. During the twenty-two years of its existence it has, in severe winter weather, maintained a free dispensary where work and needed supplies have been given worthy women. The members have looked carefully after one another's interests, and may we not conclude that this is the secret of the Club's prosperity?

When University Extension was introduced in Detroit, the Woman's Club adopted the plans which best suited its own needs. Under the leadership of Mrs. Stone it has pursued the study of History and Art. During these years "D. W. C." has entertained many distinguished persons as guests, among them Mrs. Mary N. Adams, of Dubuque; Dr. Alice Stockham, of Chicago; Mrs. Zerelda Wallace, Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant, Kate Gannett Wells, and the late Amelia B. Edwards.



MRS. MARTHA E. ROOT,  
of Bay City, Treasurer of the Michigan State Federation  
of Women's Clubs.

The highest membership attained was one hundred and seventy-four. There are at present thirty-nine active workers, five of them charter members. For twenty years it has been the Club's practice to observe "Festival Days," each member at these gatherings contributing of her best. When flowers are brought for decoration, they are afterwards sent to the Children's Free Hospital.

Mrs. Emma A. Fox has at different times served the D. W. C. as president, and her late reëlection to that office is conclusive proof of confidence. When we look at her bright, decisive face we feel certain that the society has made no mistake in its choice. Since 1892 Mrs. Fox has had charge of a Parliamentary Law Class, and Zetema—a group of young ladies pursuing this study—is her protégé. Mrs. Fox has served a year on the Detroit Board of Education, and some of the most radical changes effected are the result of her sincerity of purpose and faithfulness. The group pictures here-with presented give earnest of excellent work for woman's advancement in the city of Detroit.

The Lansing Woman's Club was organized in 1874, and when we read that in



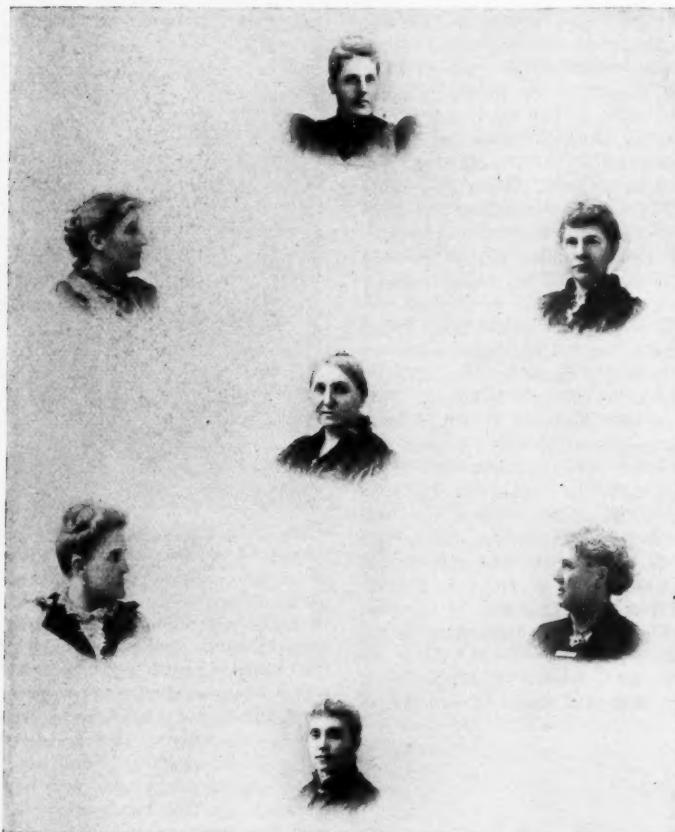
MRS. CLARA W. RAYNOR,  
President of the Woman's Club, Adrian, and a Director  
of the Michigan State Federation of  
Women's Clubs.

the early days of its existence "no drones were tolerated, and no unfriendly criticism was ever heard," we can readily see why it has prospered, and can easily understand why a group of twelve women, wholly unaccustomed to original writing or to public speaking, have not only gained confidence in themselves but also stretched out their hands to others, until now the membership has reached its limit—sixty. The Club has a home,—a two-story brick building costing \$5,000, the lower floor rented for business purposes, the upper devoted to its own needs; an assembly room with a cheerful fireplace on either side of the platform, large plate-glass windows, and a circular frieze of cathedral glass. This Club is the home of the oldest active club woman in Michigan, Mrs. M. W. Howard, aged ninety-two years, who was for many years the Club's efficient president, and who is now its corresponding secretary.\* The secur-



MRS. LUCY W. BANCKER,  
of Mosaic Club, Jackson, and Corresponding Secretary of  
the Michigan State Federation of Women's Clubs.

\*Mrs. Howard's portrait and a sketch of her life will appear in an article soon to be published in *THE MIDLAND*, entitled "Some Press Women of Michigan."



PRESIDENTS OF THE DETROIT WOMAN'S CLUBS.

Mrs. Frances G. Boynton.  
Mrs. C. H. Andrew.

Miss Octavia W. Bates.  
Mrs. Frances E. Bagley.  
Mrs. H. H. Jackson.

Mrs. Emma S. Fox.  
Mrs. Sara M. P. Skinner.

ing of a Club home has greatly stimulated the members of this Club, and the prosperity of the organization has been greatly increased by the venture.

In 1875 a Woman's History Class was organized in Allegan. After completing and reviewing Bible History to the time of Christ, a systematic study of all histories was begun, and this plan is still pursued, varied, occasionally, by a "trip"—mapped out from a guide-book—and supplemented with knowledge of customs, literature and

arts of countries visited. Shakspeare's plays are the diversion of the Club. The attainments of such earnest workers cannot be estimated.

The West Side Ladies' Literary Club of Grand Rapids was organized in 1875, and now has a membership of sixty. Its work is along the line of History and Literature, this year Egypt claiming the attention, together with American and English authors. The Club has always been able to maintain a place of meeting

PROMINENT CLUB WOMEN OF DETROIT.

Mrs. George Doty.

Mrs. C. A. Kellogg.

Mrs. Helen D. Stearns.

Mrs. J. H. Clough.

Mrs. Mary Stuart Coffin.

Mrs. Mary H. Sergeant.

Mrs. M. B. Hatch.

Mrs. Maria L. Perry.

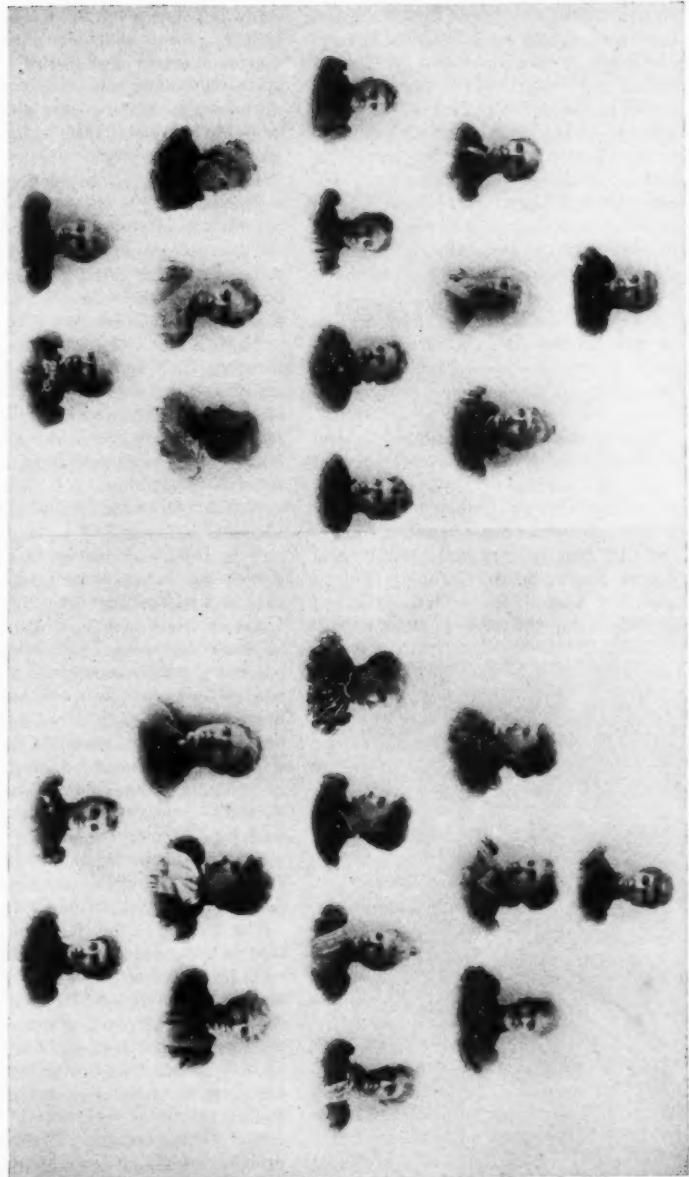
Mrs. Elizabeth Stocking.

Mrs. H. T. Bouell.

Mrs. W. B. Jackson.

Mrs. Perla M. Holt.

Mrs. Jennie W. Fox.



Miss Marietta Blennerhassett.

Miss Frances L. Lane.

Mrs. Helen P. Jenkins.

Miss Esther Boynton.

Mrs. A. W. Clark.

Mrs. E. E. Leggett.

Mrs. Catherine A. F. Siebkins.

Mrs. C. A. Malcouronne.

Mrs. H. M. Waterman.

and to defray all current expenses, and the members look back upon the twenty-one years of association with great satisfaction and a degree of pardonable pride.

The Ladies' Literary Club of Mt. Clemens was organized in 1875, with five charter members. It now has sixty members, and applications are always on file. History, Art and Literature, Science, Education and Entertainment fill up the Club's interesting programs. During all these years only one member has been removed by death.

The members of the Monday Club of Romeo, organized in 1876, have been great travelers,—on paper,—and this year they are in Mexico—thirty-six of them.

One of the oldest and most delightful clubs in Detroit is the Woman's Historical Club. Founded in 1877 by seven women, it now has thirty-two regular and intensely active members. Since the formation of the Club, the History and Literature of Egypt, Rome, Spain, Germany, France and the United States have claimed attention; at the present time careful

study is being given to England. The lessons, purely oral, are conducted by the members in alphabetical order, the officers attending to routine business and the arranging of the discussion of current news topics which have a wide range and an agreeable variety.

The Tuesday Club, of Lapeer, was organized in 1878, and one of this band of enthusiastic workers assures us that for the current year it has one of the finest programs in the State. Its dainty year-book shows it to be devoted to History, Literature and Greek Art.

At Sault Ste. Marie The Woman's Reading Club, consisting of thirty-two active and eighteen honorary members, are reading History, collecting books toward a library and working for a Club home. The organization is in a most flourishing condition.

At Schoolcraft the Ladies' Library Association is favored of fortune. Organized in 1879, with twelve members, the society has increased to thirty-five persons and has an excellent library of 634 volumes. Feeling that a Club house must be built this year, the association appointed a finance committee and one on site. The former, by popular subscription, secured a few hundred dollars, part of which the site committee expended for a lot. At this juncture, a former resident of Schoolcraft, now living in Brooklyn, N. Y., hearing of the ladies' ambitions and labors, made them a proposition which will result in the building of a Club house for their association in the near future.

The Tuesday Club of Jackson, organized in 1879 with a membership of sixteen, has increased to forty. Originally the plan of work embraced only Literature, but for the past few years study has been entirely in the line of social problems, at present particular attention being given to Municipal Government and Reform.

The Adrian Woman's Club, organized in 1882, has been devoting time to the study of History. This is the fraternal home of that bright newspaper woman,



MRS. MARTHA A. KEATING,  
of Muskegon, a Director of the Michigan State Federation  
of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. T. W. Applegate, and of Mrs. Clara W. Raynor, president of the Club and director of the M. S. F. W. C.

The Friday Club of Hudson was organized in 1883. Its membership is limited to twenty, and there are always applicants for possible vacancies.

The Marshall Monday Club was organized in 1885, and its membership, then thirty, is still maintained. Its record shows no vacancies and no failures.

The Lakeside Club of Manistee was organized in 1885, and has a feast of good things in preparation,—“a discussion of current events and current history in domestic, sociological and educational lines.”

This Club has forty-four active, twenty-four associate, seven honorary and six corresponding members.

Sometimes a club represents ideas which for many years have been slowly crystallizing into expression. When, in 1885, the Saginaw Reading Club was organized, fifty persons responded, and there has never been a day since when applications were not on file, awaiting vacancies. Five years ago the Club decided upon the payment of \$10 *per capita* to admit honorary members; and, thus far, twenty-five persons have availed themselves of this *golden* opportunity. Meetings are held weekly in the spacious parlors of the Gentlemen's West Side Club rooms. The club has devoted the entire ten years to History, Art and Literature. This year the ladies are learning all that is possible about Russia, a fine library, collected from various sources, assisting them in their researches. This Club is the fraternal home of Mrs. Anna A. Palmer, vice-president of M. S. F. W. C.

The Athena and The Mosaic of Jackson were each organized in 1886, the former the outgrowth of a History Class, which for five years was conducted by Mrs. J. H. Robb. Its attention is directed almost entirely to the study of Literature.

The Mosaic in scholarly attainments has an enviable record. It is the home of the State Federation's corresponding secretary, Mrs. Lucy W. Bancker, who



MRS. I. M. TURNER,  
President of the South End Ladies' Literary Club, Grand  
Rapids, and a Director of the Michigan State  
Federation of Women's Clubs.

was a charter member, and as president and as secretary has looked well after the Club's interests.

In 1888, with twenty-seven charter members, the Tourist Club of Jackson was organized, and for seven years it has been continually “on the go.” Under the superb leadership of Mrs. Frances D. Armstrong the members are now wandering through Italy. Artists, authors and musicians are in this group, and all are ready to do whatever is asked of them, no requisite for membership being necessary except an intellect to grasp the subject in hand and a willingness to evolve its lessons. The Club now has thirty-seven members.

In 1888 sixty ladies began the study of Shakespeare's plays, but when the labors had been arranged it soon became evident that so many could not do thorough work, and so when listless ones dropped out others were not elected to fill their places, until now the limit is twenty-five, and thus we find the Shaksperiana of Grand Rapids. The banquet given at

the annual meeting is enlivened by Shakespearian toasts, quotations and recitations.

Here is a reputation of which any organization may well be proud: "For embracing in its membership the thoughtful, scholarly and progressive element of womanhood, which works in an even, harmonious way with all ambitions of self submerged for the greatest good." This is what is said of Muskegon's Woman's Club. Organized in 1890 with thirty members, it soon increased to forty-eight, which it had been decided should be the limit. But the prescribed number was so soon reached, and the Club so easily won for itself an influential position, that the limit was removed, and the active membership is now ninety-one, with six associate and six retired members. Each of the ninety-one is obliged to contribute an original paper to the year's program—made up of a continuous line of historical study, varied by numbers contributed by the miscellaneous, musical or dramatic committees. In connection with the Club is the Avon Study Class, which meets every Thursday morning for the purpose of a better understanding of Shakespeare's plays. The Club does much entertaining. Among its most tireless workers is Mrs.



MRS. E. J. P. HOWES,  
President of the Battle Creek Woman's Club.

Martha A. Keating, a director of M. S. F. W. C.

Mutual helpfulness and a desire for social improvement is the bond which unites lady students and wives of members of the faculty of Ann Arbor. The Woman's League of the University of Michigan was formed in 1890. The best evidence of its popularity lies in the fact of its increasing numbers. Last year there were four hundred and fifty members. An advisory board representing the University of Michigan and the city transacts all the business of the League. Resident ladies in Ann Arbor (associate members) help to brighten the lives of students by entertaining them in groups of twenty-five.

In October a party is given to which every lady student is invited. Christmas-tide is made exceedingly pleasant, and other enjoyable social functions are scattered through the year terminating near the close of the second semester with a delightful lawn fête. The pioneer work of Mrs. Stone is here finding expression in the selection of women as regents and as members of the faculty of Michigan's great University.

One of the most successful of recently formed clubs is the Woman's Club of



MRS. M. M. BABCOCK,  
President, Ladies' Literary Club, St. John's.



GROUP OF PROMINENT CLUB WOMEN OF MICHIGAN.

MRS. HELEN M. WIXSON, President, Wixson Club, Caro. A. L. ROSENTHAL THOMPSON, M. D., President, St. John's Ladies' Literary Club, Traverse City.

MRS. H. D. ARMSTRONG, President, Tourist Club, Jackson.

CARRIE HEWITT TRAVIS, Secretary, St. John's Ladies' Literary Club. STELLA B. ROBEN, President, Big Rapids Woman's Club.

MRS. DEAN S. FLEMING, President, Woman's League, Battle Creek. CLARA A. WARNER, President, Tuesday Club, Jackson.

Bay City. Organized in 1892 its membership was, at first, limited to fifty, but so popular did its line of work become that the second year it was increased to one hundred and fifty, where it remains. Soon after its formation The Bay City Gentlemen's Club offered the ladies its fine suite of parlors in the Opera House building. Here every week they are pursuing a course of study, usually historical, but brightened and strengthened by occasional lectures upon Art, Architecture and kindred subjects. In the

language of Mrs. Martha E. Root, one of the two projectors of the Club, in its incipiency:

"Its prospects are most encouraging. Its educational effect is felt in its diffusion of literary taste extending to the homes of the city; in the ennobling recreation it gives to busy women who have little time for social life; in the solace it yields to those who have borne bereavement and sorrow; and, above all, in the moral strength it affords to the city's forces for good."

Mrs. Root, as her portrait indicates, is a woman of strong personality. She has been treasurer of the M. S. F. W. C. since its organization, and looks after the finances of that body carefully and faithfully.

The strong, pleasant face of Mrs. Helen M. Wixson, president of the Wixson Club, of Caro, is evidence that that society is well officered. The membership is limited to forty and there is rarely a vacancy.

Charlotte has three thriving clubs. The president of one of them, Mrs. Belle M. Perry, is a literary woman of prominence.

The Columbian Club of Flint, besides giving attention to History, Literature and Art, takes special pains in reviewing passing events.

Hastings' Woman's Club, organized less than three years ago, is doing excellent work in English History and Political Economy. This is the fraternal home of Mrs. Rachel A. Bailey, with whom midland readers will soon become acquainted.

The Woman's Mutual Improvement Club of Reed City has a membership of thirty, and is studying Ruskin and Browning, together with a discussion of topics of public interest.

Hudson's Woman's Literary Club is giving its attention this year to United States History; twenty-five is the limit of membership.

A Ladies' Literary Club was organized at St. John's in 1891, and at every election held the same ladies have been chosen for president and secretary.

Twenty-four of Saginaw's representative ladies have formed themselves into The Saginaw Political Equality Club. The present membership is forty-three.

The East Tawas L. L. C., organized eleven years ago, has never known but two presidents, Mrs. M. A. White serving six years and Mrs. H. T. Thomas five years. This club has a fine library and all are enthusiastic workers.

Vicksburg ladies wanted to prepare for the World's Fair; so, in 1891, the Isabella Club was organized. There were twenty-two charter members; now thirty-four respond to roll-call, and the club is

still studying history, though not confined to Spain and Columbus and the queen whose name it retains.

The clubs in Jackson already named with the Arena and Twentieth Century Club have united in a City Federation, with Mrs. James O'Donnell as president. Efficient work is resulting from co-operation.

The Detroit Review Club, consisting of fifty members, is this year studying German History, the study brightened by topics of special interest to women. One of its brightest members writes: "We are interested in our work and in the broader education and thought that is coming to us through the club movement and the federation of forces."

The most recent organization in Detroit is the Twentieth Century Club, a very democratic body, not confined to the Anglo-Saxon race. That there was a necessity for this Club is shown in its rapid growth. At its initial meeting there were ninety-eight persons; it now has a membership of one hundred and seventy-two. Many officers and members of other organizations are active in the new line of work assumed. Science and Philosophy, Home and Education, Art and Literature, Philanthropy and Reform are discussed in turn, and the Club's practical work is shown in the shaping of public opinion. At its helm is that cool, wise woman, Clara Avery, who last year so ably conducted the State Federation affairs as president. By nature and by culture Miss Avery is well fitted for the position accorded her.

Nine Detroit clubs have united into a City Federation of Clubs, with Mrs. A. G. Boynton the presiding officer. Much good will result from this union.

Civil Government and Municipal Reform are on the calendar of South End Ladies' Literary Club of Grand Rapids, for the current year, with topics of the times so plentifully interspersed that the Club gives ample proof of its quick interpretation of the vital questions of the day. The members have broad sympathy toward all organizations, are believers in state and

general federation, and are promoters of whatever instructs and elevates woman. Under the conservative guidance of Mrs. I. M. Turner, a lady of rare intuition and superior culture, the Club is doing excellent work. Mrs. Turner is director of M. S. F. W. C. The Club has a membership of one hundred and thirty-eight persons.

The formation of North End Woman's Club of Grand Rapids grew out of a feeling of loneliness among the women living in that part of the city. A little more than a year ago the plan was consummated. Twenty-five charter members soon found themselves welcoming others until now the membership is nearly one hundred. Study classes have been formed in History, Literature, Parliamentary Law, Science, Current Events and Woman's Work, and four times a year by an "animated library," a "literary salad," a drama, an original poem, or a "talk over the tea-cups," are the members reminded that it is "Entertainment Day."

In the charming home of Mrs. Loraine Immen, "The Alsicc" was organized, and it is one of the most prosperous clubs in Grand Rapids. Its thirty-two members bring no written articles, but are prepared on the topic in question, the promotion of conversation being one of the objects of association.

A friend writes of its most influential member: "Mrs. Immen has done more for the literary development of other women than any other twelve women in Grand Rapids." Mrs. Immen, at the formation of M. S. F. W. C., was its competent corresponding secretary.

Five years ago eight women met in Grand Rapids for the study of Emerson's Essays. We may readily divine that they were earnest and cultured. The seed sown fell upon productive soil and in a short time the "Igdrasil" was formed, and it is doing excellent work.

The most remarkable Club in Michigan is one which in 1864 was called "Battle Creek Ladies' Library Association." It was organized by Ann, wife of Benjamin F. Graves. She was its first and only

president, continuing in office until her death, June, 1894, a period of thirty years. It had no constitution, no by-laws, no officer save herself, but, under her leadership, so inspired did her associates become, so intense was their desire for mental culture, that from the beginning the Association has been a power for good in the city.

A library of 1,200 volumes has been collected, and the sum of \$300 secured toward the establishment of a Club home.

After Mrs. Graves' death, the name was changed to "Ladies' Literary and Art Club," but subsequently, when incorporated, it became "Battle Creek Woman's Club," the aims continuing, as its president long ago declared them to be: "To make a better sisterhood, a better wifehood; a more judicious motherhood, and a broader womanhood."

Mrs. E. J. P. Howes is president of this Club, and worthily succeeds Mrs. Graves.

Though it may seem paradoxical, The Woman's Club is now an auxiliary.

By common consent of other clubs in the city, a new organization was formed last February,—"The Woman's League," which rents an elegant suite of rooms in one of the finest business blocks. These rooms are open every week day, and the best periodicals are placed on the tables. The Political Science Club, The Treble Clef and The Woman's Club meet here on their respective days, manage their own affairs, have distinct treasuries, and independent official organizations, but are tributary to the Woman's League, the membership of which has now reached three hundred and twenty-five. The League is an experiment, but the bright face of its leader, Mrs. Mary P. Glass, assures us it will be successful.

Successful clubs are not confined to our large cities.

In spite of access to well-filled libraries, without the magnetic influence of many minds and the enthusiasm of voice and life sympathetically blended in kindred work, there has been much accomplished in the smaller towns of the State. One of

the best reports given at the recent meeting came from Mrs. Stella B. Roben, president of The Big Rapids Woman's Club. With a membership limited to forty, composed of "the care-free young girls and the gray-haired girls" who do each other good because "they are a bright, progressive, harmonious body," this typical small-town Club not only studies English and Roman History, but conducts parliamentary drills, has book reviews, gives character sketches, etc., and at stated intervals finds time to hold pleasant evening entertainments with gentlemen as guests, besides, for several seasons maintaining a lecture course of such excellence that Big Rapids people are making it possible for the Club to dream dreams of a home of its own.

The Twentieth Century Club of Kalamazoo is composed of eighty women who contemplate the formation of a college settlement. The members, bright and alert, are possibly less conservative than are members of some other societies. Here we find Mrs. Stone again, her mind busy with *fin de siecle* work, for she is, in fact, a most beautiful and delightful example of "the new woman."

Irma T. Jones, of Lansing, a prominent member of The Woman's Club of that

city, has been connected with M. S. F. W. C. since its formation. Temporary chairman at the meeting called for organization, vice-president last year and by almost unanimous vote seated in the president's chair in November, 1895, it is unnecessary to add that Mrs. Jones has the confidence and support of the Federated Clubs. Mild in her administration, and just in her rulings, she will unite the clubs into a still closer bond of fraternal sympathy. Mrs. Jones is a writer of marked ability.

The object of this article will have been attained if it helps isolated clubs to do better work and to work more systematically. The best results naturally obtain where the most favorable conditions exist, though this is not necessarily in our larger cities. There is a conciseness, however, in the city club woman's methods delightful to see, and those in inland towns may learn much if they will.

The Woman of To-day, who has enlarged vision and many opportunities, is ever helpful. She has no patronizing airs and she does not overpower one with supercilious attentions. She simply reaches out her hand. Clasp it and imitate the action until a grand circle is formed which shall be a symbol of mutual encouragement and fraternal sympathy!

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### A LETTER.

YOU tiny, tinted, scented thing,—  
 You lie upon my table there,—  
 I hesitate, and hardly dare  
 Discover what the word you bring,  
 Lest your fair tracery should fling  
 My hope's fond height to deep despair.  
 Courage! What says my lady fair?  
 Is it a "No" to plant a sting,—  
 Or "Yes" in answer to my prayer?

Grace Mitchell.





## MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES.

### THE FAMOUS CHARGE AT FORT DONELSON. XVIII.

By W. S. MOORE.

THE departure of the Second Iowa Infantry from St. Louis for Fort Donelson was on the tenth day of February, 1862. Having spent nearly three months in winter quarters, the men were in splendid condition. Up to this time, although in service nine months, the regiment had never met the enemy in battle. The men were tired of the monotony of camp life, and most of them were anxious to show their mettle in armed conflict with the foe. Their opportunity had come, and they left the St. Louis landing about six hundred strong and with hearts for any fate.

On the voyage down the Mississippi River to Cairo, up the Ohio to Paducah, and along the Cumberland on the way to Fort Donelson, no incident worthy of note is remembered until some miles upstream on the Cumberland, when it was discovered that the boat was running short of fuel. The captain of the boat was not in sympathy with our cause, and did not intend that we should reach Donelson until after the Confederates had worn out the investing force of that stronghold. He intended to run out of wood at a time when we had arrived at a point on the way beyond reach of anything to feed the furnace. Colonel Tuttle suspected something wrong when the last sticks were about to be thrown into the fire, and, discovering a long rick of wood near shore, ordered the officers of the boat to cast anchor and wood up. The captain hesitated for a time, but soon realized the necessity of obedience. The boat was accordingly anchored near shore; gang-planks were thrown out, and the Colonel went ashore. Upsetting the wood pile, he called to the men to come on. Few of them realized the true inwardness of the movement. But when Colonel

Tuttle said "Come on, boys," the boys always came. They did not stop to ask any questions, but they went at once. The Colonel gathered an armful of wood and was followed by almost every man in the regiment. All the men became for the time deck-hands, and soon the immense pile of wood was on the boat, and we proceeded on our voyage up stream.

Many surviving members of the regiment will remember the tall and manly form of Captain Charles C. Cloutman, of Company K. It was my good fortune to be well acquainted with the Captain personally, and I became intimate with him when circumstance associated us together as members of the same regiment. When Sumter was fired upon he was captain of a company of militia at Ottumwa, and at



W. S. MOORE,  
Private Second Iowa Infantry.

once telegraphed Governor Kirkwood a formal tender of his company for the service. Other militia captains did the same, but it is claimed that Captain Cloutman's message was the first to reach the Governor. Sitting on the guard of the cabin deck of the boat, on the evening before debarkation, Captain Cloutman drew his chair close to mine and engaged in conversation as to the prospect at Fort Donelson.

"What do you think of the prospect?" said he.

I replied that I thought we would have at Donelson the fight for which the boys had been spoiling for months.

"Yes," rejoined the captain, "I realize the truth of that fact, and feel that many of us will not pass through the battle alive. I have," he continued, "a presentiment that I will be killed in the first battle I am in, and it has been to me a subject of serious thought. I have at times meditated upon the question as to whether I would better resign and disgrace myself for the benefit of my family, or go into the battle and be killed. I have gravely considered the matter in all its bearings, and have chosen the latter alternative. I feel sure I will be killed in the first battle, and by the first fire from the enemy's guns."

Not being a believer in presentiments, I was disposed to make light of it, and told the captain it was surely a hallucination; that he was no more liable to be killed than I was, and I had never allowed such a thought to enter my brain.

Admitting a remote possibility that his life might be spared and his honor saved, he said: "If I have the good fortune to pass through the Fort Donelson battle alive, I will immediately thereafter resign my commission and return home. I cling tenaciously to life, am devotedly fond of my family, and am in poor circumstances financially. If I survive this battle I will immediately resign."

After parting from my friend I gave the subject of our conversation no special thought. We continued on our voyage, and the next day joined the investing

force at Fort Donelson, and the following day it fell to our lot to lead the historic charge that brought about the surrender of the fort. After the firing had ceased and we had taken position to hold the important ground gained, I was told by a lieutenant of Company K that Captain Cloutman was killed. The announcement startled and horrified me, as the conviction of the captain, expressed on the boat, echoed through my brain as a sad reality: "Killed in the first battle, and by the first fire from the enemy's guns!"

The boat landed at the place of debarkation on the morning of the 14th, and we marched at once within range of the enemy's guns, camping on high and heavily wooded ground with various other regiments. Among the regiments camping on the same ground were the Seventh, Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa, Sixty-sixth Illinois and Fifty-second Indiana. The Sixty-sixth Illinois was known as Birge's Sharpshooters, being armed with ordinary squirrel-gun rifles, and wearing caps with squirrel-tail plumes. They commenced business almost as soon as they went into camp, as the battle was at that time raging with great fury on the right of the line. They deployed as skirmishers, taking positions behind trees and making it a specialty to silence the enemy's guns by picking off their gunners. The guns of these skilled riflemen were unerring, and for a time brought down every rebel who raised his head above the breastworks. While the sharpshooters were thus engaged, other troops in our camp were moving aimlessly about awaiting orders.

The weather was uncomfortably cold, there being about two inches of snow on the ground, and a furious breeze blew from the northwest. We were unfortunate in having left our blankets and all our surplus wardrobe at the landing. We were all destitute of blankets and many of us were without overcoats. To add still further to our discomfort the commissary department was out of provisions.

It was about twenty-four hours after going into camp that the Second Iowa was formed in line to lead the great charge, and these hours were spent in an effort to keep warm. This was difficult of accomplishment while standing by the huge log fires which illuminated the camp. While one side was burning the other was freezing, but when one side got too hot we could rub face and scorch the other. There was neither sleep for heavy eyelids nor rest for weary bones. The changing winds drove the smoke into our faces on all sides of the fire. For seventy-two hours, from the time our regiment joined the investing force until we marched into the surrendered fort, our eyes were not closed in sleep. It seemed that our powers of endurance had been taxed to the utmost; but when, on the morning of the 16th, we learned that the fort had been surrendered, with 13,000 men and all their munitions of war, and that the Second Iowa was to occupy the post of honor in leading the column into the surrendered stronghold, the feeling of exhaustion rapidly gave way to one of strength and buoyancy, enabling us to march and countermarch several miles with ease in taking formal possession.

The feeling of a soldier on the eve of battle may be vaguely imagined but cannot be described, and what occurs to one may never enter the brain of another. I have, however, a distinct remembrance of some of the thoughts which crowded upon my mind on the afternoon of February 15, 1862 — nearly thirty-four years ago.

Philo Case's snare drum sounded the long roll, and the regiment was in line to meet the enemy in battle for the first time. We were not ignorant of the fact that hard fighting was before us; yet most of the men seemed oblivious of what was to come, and no expression of face betrayed a feeling of danger ahead. I contemplated the scene for a moment with stoicism, utterly thoughtless of the danger to be met. There was an entire absence of fear as we stood for a few moments in line before moving forward, and I took

hasty observations of the men along the line and of the officers in front.

We were thoroughly informed as to the movement, and thought we knew just what we had to meet. We were told that we were to lead a charge upon heavy artillery, and were given brief instructions as to procedure. We were told to march steadily forward, not to halt to take care of a wounded comrade, and not to fire a gun until inside the works. Almost every man in the regiment was ready for the fray. They apparently gave the subject of consequences no thought, and some levity was noted.

Sergeant N. W. Doty, of Company D, who was killed before reaching the works, stood in front of the line masticating a hard cracker, and was heard to remark, with an air of utter thoughtlessness, that he wished to die with a full stomach. Many remarks of astonishing frivolity were indulged in as we stood in line ready to move, and there was no evidence that any one realized the gravity of the situation.

Shortly before moving forward an unaccountable feeling of horror passed over me, which sent a tingling from the base of the brain to the ends of the toes. I became perceptibly weak in the knees. I was young and vigorous, unconscious of fear, and thought I was brave. This peculiar feeling was a profound mystery. It soon passed off, however, and my corporal vigor sustained no further shock until we commenced to ascend the hill and the missiles of death came whizzing through the tops of the trees over our heads. I then thought of what would be the consequence when we ascended the hill, and the feeling of weakness in the joints returned. As we moved forward and had proceeded about half-way up the hill, I stepped over the dead body of an officer, and the feeling of weakness at once gave way to one of courage and strength. But after the battle I felt no anxiety to pass through another. To be candid, I never belonged to the class of soldiers who were "spoiling for a fight," and it is probably true that there were

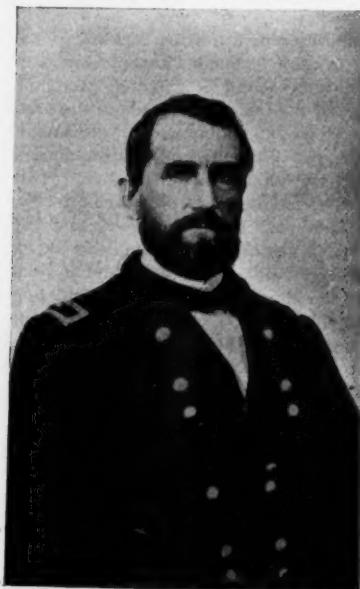
few of this class in the Second Iowa after the battle of Fort Donelson.

Fort Donelson was vauntingly termed "The Gibraltar of the West," and a successful assault upon its intrenchments was considered by the best informed of the rebels as not within the range of human possibility. Its natural fortifications were wonderfully strong, and skilled engineers of the rebel army had planned and rebel hands builded battlements that were believed to be impregnable. They flattered themselves that the Yankee army of the North was too shrewd to attempt the hopeless task of carrying their works by storm. After several assaults had been made at various points along the line, the rebels had ample evidence that they had made a false reckoning as to the character of the Union army; but having met and repulsed each charge, their belief that every assault must be unsuccessful was greatly strengthened and they thought General Grant would soon realize the

situation and abandon the idea of carrying their works by storm.

They were not familiar with Grant's tactics. The frequent assaults on the right of the line would naturally tend to direct the attention of the Confederates to that part of the battle-field and weaken their defenses elsewhere; but the Confederate generals knew too much about war to leave any important point improperly guarded. The point on the extreme left of the line, where the successful assault was made, was probably the most important position on the whole line, and the most easily carried by storm, and the rebel officers did not lose sight of that fact. At this point they were fortified by heavy field artillery, supported by picked regiments of infantry. The fighting on the right, however, had the effect to draw from the left the heavy guns which had frowned upon us from that eminence to more exposed positions on the line. But the infantry remained and were fully prepared to give us a warm reception, while within convenient range on our right were planted heavy batteries of artillery, which the Illinois sharpshooters succeeded in silencing until we reached the crest of the hill, after which the sharpshooters were withdrawn and the dogs of war permitted to open upon us a murderous fire, which ceased not until the darkness of night closed upon the scene, and we had dislodged the enemy and taken possession of his ground.

The point at which we formed for movement in this charge is not distinctly remembered as to distance, but was probably about a quarter of a mile from the works. We formed on the side of a gentle slope, and moved forward across a meadow and over a rail fence and proceeded to ascend the hill. After crossing the meadow we encountered a growth of scrawny underbrush and a formidable abatis of felled trees. I am unable to tell how we got over this great obstruction of limbs and logs. Memory is distinct, however, as to the fact that we successfully surmounted every obstacle, and approached the works with our lines



GEN. J. M. TUTTLE,  
Who led the Second Iowa Infantry at Donelson.

broken only by the non-presence of the men who had been killed or disabled by wounds on the way. The regiment was divided into two wings, the left wing taking the lead and the right following closely in the rear. The officers, instead of taking their positions in rear of the line, moved forward a few paces in front. The grandeur of the movement can only be imagined by one who was in the line, and I will not attempt a description of it. Thefeat of ascending that steep hill without a perceptible halt or break in our line, tramping over two inches of snow, taking two steps forward and one step backward, facing the fire of musketry in front, and climbing over logs and fallen tree-tops, could be accomplished only by men possessed of a spirit born of a belief in the righteousness of the cause for which they battled.

After the enemy was dislodged and had taken refuge beyond the range of our guns, we were ordered to fall back behind the intrenchments and hold the ground we had gained. This was just before dark, and every able-bodied man was instructed to consider himself on duty for the night, and it was expected that a forward movement would be the first duty of the succeeding day.

The firing being at an end, as I supposed, I ventured to the front to look over the ground from which we had driven the enemy, for the purpose of learning something of the casualties of the engagement. I moved thoughtlessly and alone over the field for a time until frequent stray shots admonished me that prudence required my presence elsewhere, and I returned to my company in the rear of the works.

We were on guard all night and continually on the alert for some movement of the enemy, but they kept within their main intrenchments. They understood the situation. They had been there for months, knew every foot of ground, and knew we had gained a position which commanded all their defenses. From this point it was General Grant's inten-



CAPT. C. C. CLOUTMAN.  
Who fell at Donelson.

tion to move forward the next day to certain victory. The Confederate officers took in the situation at a glance, and even the rank and file of their army understood it as well as the officers. They knew that Grant was master of the situation, and concluded to call a truce.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 16th, while the common soldier was waiting in momentary expectancy of a forward movement, a bugle within their lines sounded a parley call, and shortly afterwards party of Confederate officers approached, preceded by a negro boy bearing a flag of truce. The party was met half way by a deputation of Union officers and shortly afterwards the fact was made public that the Confederates had surrendered and that the Second Iowa was to lead the column in taking formal possession. It would be putting it rather conservatively to say we were pleased with this arrangement. It was a decided improvement on the program of the day

before! The Second Iowa led the column into the fort. On entering, the band played "Yankee Doodle," and after we had gone through all the formalities of taking possession every band in the great loyal army struck up "Dixie." It was an inspiring scene, and for the time we forgot all the hardships we had endured during the previous seventy-two hours, and the brave men who were killed and wounded in the assault of the day before. We thought only of the great results accomplished, and of the enviable distinction given our regiment as "The Bravest of the Brave."

We were proud,—and why shouldn't we be? We had received the unconditional surrender of 13,000 officers and men, the flower of the Confederate army, and had taken possession of their boasted "Gibraltar of the West." And while we felt proud, the rank and file of the Confederate army were almost as proud of our achievement as we were. Various complimentary remarks were heard from them as we marched along. They viewed the regiment at the head of the column as though they thought we were more than ordinary mortals, and we frequently heard such expressions as, "Bully for the Second Iowa!" A stalwart Tennessean

was heard to remark: "There is nary Yankee in that regiment!" Marching by my side was a man born and reared in the State of Maine. Hearing this remark from the self-satisfied rebel, who seemed to be looking him square in the face, he turned to me and said: "They're not posted, be they?"

We flattered ourselves after we had made our triumphal entry into Fort Donelson, that we had broken the spinal column of the Rebellion. In this feeling our prisoners largely shared, and all fondly hoped that it was true. An intelligent Confederate soldier said to me: "The War is practically over, and you will never have another battle. The surrender of this fort has discouraged our forces everywhere, and I feel safe in predicting that the War will close within the next sixty days. The white flag is up at Nashville, at Bowling Green and at Holly Springs. There will be no more fighting."

This was the general feeling at that time; but, as we now know, it was a great mistake. The war was not over. It had just begun. The white flag at Nashville, Bowling Green and Holly Springs only meant a change of base, and three years of bloody war were yet before us.

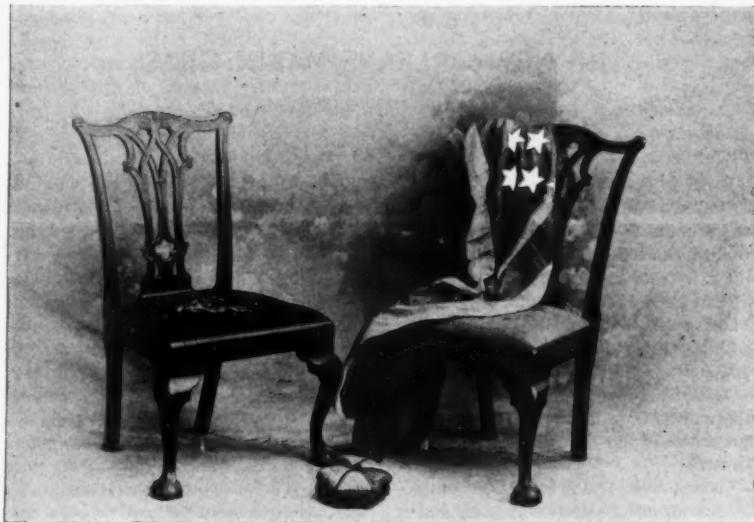
## WHERE OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG WAS DESIGNED.

By A. L. SHATTUCK.

IT IS not generally known that in the city of Fort Madison, on the Mississippi River, there are a number of interesting historical relics. I was recently shown several articles of furniture that are closely associated with an important event in the history of our country. During my stay in Fort Madison, I was entertained at the hospitable home of Mrs. Rachel Albright. Mrs. Albright, who is a widow, came with her husband to Fort Madison from Philadelphia more than fifty years ago, and brought with her many relics that are heirlooms in her family. With her, at the time of

my visit, lived two aged sisters, and the trio, with their courtly manners and quaint old-time etiquette, surrounded as they were by rich, old-fashioned furniture and curious articles of taste and decoration, seemed to belong rather to Revolutionary or Colonial times than to the close of the Nineteenth Century. I was charmed. It was a bit of old Philadelphia transported across the Mississippi.

Most important among the relics are the two chairs shown in the accompanying illustration. In order to explain their historic value, it will be necessary to recount the event with which they are connected.



CHAIRS FROM THE PARLOR OF MRS. ELIZABETH ROSS, PHILADELPHIA.  
In which General Washington and other members of the Flag Committee met.

In 1777 Congress appointed a committee, of which General Washington was chairman, to prepare a design for a national flag. This committee met in the parlor of a house occupied by Mrs. Elizabeth Ross, No. 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia. While designs were being discussed, Mrs. Ross was asked by General Washington to make a flag under his direction. This she readily did, and the Stars and Stripes, as made by her and approved by the committee, became the national ensign, being adopted by Congress June 14, 1777.

The two chairs here shown and owned by Mrs. Albright were in the parlor occupied by Washington and his committee when the design for the flag was planned, and were used by them at that time.

During the Revolution Mrs. Ross and her daughter followed the occupation of flag-making. The records show that at various times they received from Congress sums of money (at one time fourteen pounds) for making flags for the Navy.

In order to verify what I have stated, I publish the following letter from Mrs. Robison, daughter of Mrs. Albright :

FORT MADISON, Iowa, January 15, 1895.  
SUPT. A. L. SHATTUCK, What Cheer, Iowa.

You are quite right. My mother, Mrs. Rachel Albright, is the granddaughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Ross of flag fame, and who lived at 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

The two chairs we have are part of the set that were in Mrs. Ross' parlor when Washington and committee called on the flag business, and she received them in that parlor. We have no flag of Mrs. Ross' make, but one made by her daughter, Mrs. C. S. Wilson. We have also made for one of my aunts, a very plain little work-box made in 1837 by Miss F. Key, aunt of Francis Scott Key, of "Star Spangled Banner" note. Miss Key was ninety years old when she made it, and was living at Annapolis, Maryland. Do you wish to have the box and flag included in the picture with the chairs? Let me know and I will attend to the matter at once. Very respectfully,

KATE ROBISON.

The box and flag mentioned in this letter are shown in the illustration. I was much interested in these articles, as well as in others owned by Mrs. Albright, and I consider them valuable relics; but even more interesting than the relics themselves are the historic circumstances with which the chairs are associated, and under which the Flag of our Country was conceived and brought forth.

## THE NEW ORLEANS MARDI GRAS.

A LATTER-DAY CARNIVAL.

BY ALFRED L. FLUDE.

I WAS in despair.

"Can't you give me something without garlic in it? I've tried the soup, and the fish, and the roast, an oyster stew and a fry. Now if you have *anything* without garlic, bring it on."

The waiter looked dubious and then suddenly brightening, said, "We have coffee, sir."

I took the coffee, which was as thick as molasses and as bitter as quinine, and thus finished my first breakfast in New Orleans.

Carnival week leaves but few accommodations for the belated travelers, and it was with some misgivings that I started out to find lodgings. I confess that I had dreamed of some ideal place among the quaint old nooks of the French quarter,

with roses climbing about my window, some pretty little Creole miss—all of them are pretty in fiction—to attend my wants, and a view from my veranda of pretty court-yards blossoming with magnolias, and of modest eyes peeping from some half-opened blind. Such ideas of the "Sunny South" are not uncommon.

But the lodgings were found at last. Somewhere down on De Lord Street, not very far from Tchoupitoulas Street, is a tall brick house, with an air of having seen better days and of holding its nose well above the odorous oyster shells with which the aforesaid De Lord Street is covered in place of paving. Its ironwork verandas in front, and its stone-paved court in the rear give it, somehow, a genteel air, as of decayed royalty from Spain,



THE NEW ORLEANS MARDI GRAS.

Scene from "Ballad of Fairy Tales."

perhaps, or France. Don What's-his-name, or M'ssieur Bourbon has surely smoked his cigarettes on the balcony or visited with his friends before those black little fire-places in the huge parlors, the ceilings of which are twenty feet high, and the massive oak doors so heavy that it is but little wonder they groan upon their hinges. But whether the mysterious Don or M'ssieur smoked himself to death, or whether the damp rooms gave him malaria, or whether he found it impossible to live upon his gentility alone, one thing is certain,—the mansion knows him no more. The blinds are open, however, and a close inspection shows the house is occupied.

The house is occupied by no less respectable parties than Mrs. Judson, aged sixty-five, and her daughter, aged—well, it does not matter, who have dropped into the house as naturally as though it always belonged to the family, and who wear the same air of wrecked gentility which the mansion has assumed. Mrs. Judson's grandfather owned one hundred slaves before the War, so she avers, and if a momentary suspicion arises that she adds at least one every time she tells the tale, I shall not give it publicity, for goodness only knows how many times she has told it. But spurred on by the arguments of necessity, Mrs. Judson has made chambers of the Don's parlors, and she now, widow that she is, like the injured Mrs. Bardell, makes her living by hospitably opening her doors to lodgers—for a remuneration. I will not dissemble the fact longer, that it was to Mrs. Judson's residence we repaired in search of lodgings, and in the kindness of her heart she took us in (there were nine of us, and two dollars apiece per night was her modest charge). For this small sum we were allowed to sleep in her high post bedsteads, six feet wide and ten feet high, a gorgeous canopy above, which bedsteads she assured us mysteriously were brought from Europe and were either one thousand years old or cost \$1,000, I have forgotten which. The fact that we subsequently learned

she borrowed them of her "uncle" around the corner especially for the occasion did not detract in the least from our appreciation.

But let us leave the dwelling on De Lord Street, for it is Carnival morning and the very air tells us there is something unusual astir. Along Canal Street the restless crowds are scurrying in all directions. As far as one can see, the balconies, which are before nearly all the buildings, have been furnished with tier on tier of seats, until the entire street is one vast amphitheater. Down Camp Street every place of vantage has been turned to account. In front of the City Hall, on St. Charles Street, an amphitheater capable of seating three thousand people has sprung up like some fungus growth. Along the entire line of the parade, tiers of seats have been arranged. The Crescent City expects to be remunerated for the gorgeous spectacle and the seats are to be sold at prices ranging from fifty cents to five dollars each. And now, while the crowds are still scurrying along in every direction, bent on a thousand errands, and before the blare of the trumpets of the barbarous hosts advancing upon the city is heard, it may not be amiss to learn something of the origin and object of this latter-day carnival, the most unique festival celebrated in the New World.

There is such a foreign sound and such a unique flavor to the title of that great fete day and its parade, "The Carnival," and "The Mardi Gras," that for a moment the discovery that it has become nothing more than a huge, old time Fourth of July celebration, under a new name and date, is a trifle disappointing. Big as this new celebration has become upon its ancient foundation, I can remember gazing with more awe upon the gorgeous spectacle of thirty-seven rural belles, posing as "The States" upon an old hay-rack embellished with bunting, than I could experience in the beautiful Mardi Gras; and as for the old time "Callithumpians," they furnished more amusement to me then than a street full of these latter-day

revelers. The fault is not in the "Mardi Gras," but lies in the dreams we have almost unconsciously formed of the great Old World fete as reproduced in this New World city. Not but that New Orleans is foreign enough to produce anything, from a Spanish fandango to a French opera, but because we have dreamed of moonlight nights (regardless of the time of the month) and of soft breezes whispering through the dark magnolia branches, and we are greeted with flickering gas light or the impudent stare of the electric light and the gentle zephyrs that perambulate up a crooked street paved with oyster shells. We have dreamed of low music, and dark eyes, and languishing forms, not to mention the fluttering of fans and the coquettish fold of the white mantilla, and we are greeted by the strains from a blind beggar's hand organ, and the languishing forms become in reality the substantial bodies of the crowds of pedestrians all frantically going in opposite directions and engaged principally in crowding you out of the way into the most unexpected quarters. We have dreamed of sparkling fountains, of cooling drinks and of dainty meals at French restaurants, and we are met with river water, coffee so strong that it may be used in place of quinine in case of malaria, and garlic in everything.

I am not complaining. The "Mardi Gras" is a great event. The last parade cost \$50,000. There were huge crowds there to see it. But like a boy dreaming over the gaudy posters of the coming circus, I had dreamed the dreams, and the reality of daylight showed as well as the pageant, the maze of ropes and tent poles, the dust of the arena and the hurly burly of crowds.

The Carnival, the "Farewell to Flesh," has been celebrated the world over. The Italian cities have for ages held their carnivals, and in spite of the fact that it is of undoubted heathen origin, it is really a Christian festival. Even Protestant England celebrated the season with "Pancake Tuesday" and "Shrovetide," as zealously as the Catholic countries. But the true

spirit of the Carnival has long since fled. It was the grand feast with which to fortify oneself for the rigors of Lent. It was a season of license for both ecclesiastics and the laity; indeed, a certain edict of the Pope gave the monks the right to begin the celebration two days before the masses. It was the season of ecclesiastical pomp, for feasting, for drinking, for riot and for mirth. As the temporal power of the popes crumbled away, so, too, did the observance of the Carnival, until now it is almost forgotten. But the Carnival in New Orleans is still a very lively reality—not as a religious observance, not particularly on account of the mirth-loving and pageant-loving propensity of its citizens, not as a spontaneous outpouring of fun before the oncoming of solemn Lent, but strictly as a paying investment.

But there is a charm to this new celebration of the Carnival, and after the first disappointment has worn away it begins to make itself felt, when it is understood how it has become a part of the life of the city, and how, almost before the music of the fete day has died away, the busy artists and artisans are at work upon the spectacle of another year. Nearly seventy years ago a few gallants, fresh from France, first imported the idea of a street parade upon the day of frolic. The fun grew from year to year, and crowds, on pleasure bent, patrolled the streets in masquerade. But it was not until 1857 that the Mistick Crewe of Comus appeared and gave upon the streets of the famous old New World city a torch-light parade moving upon scenic floats and representing "Paradise Lost." After this first procession followed tableaux and a ball at the Gaiety Theatre, and so was inaugurated the annual procession with the famous ball. The Crewe of Comus is a society the sole work of which is to prepare for this grand culmination, and they have each year since that first parade, except during the Civil War, presented some new spectacle to the public. Their subjects have been many and well chosen. Mythology was represented in their sec-

ond parade by a number of floats. The History of America, The Eras of Life, The Feast of Epicurus, Lallah Rookh, The Iliad, The Romance of Mexico—all of these are only a few of the subjects they have beautifully illustrated.

It was not until 1872 that Rex became a feature of the Mardi Gras, but he is now an established favorite, and the annual march of his forces upon the city and the subsequent day parade are managed by a separate society after the same manner as the Crewe of Comus. The newest of the great Carnival organizations is the Crewe of Proteus, which appeared for the first time in 1882. These societies are all secret, and none have an inkling of what will be brought forth save the members themselves.

The expense of these great annual displays is raised by subscription among the citizens of New Orleans, and the annual influx of sight-seers has become so profitable that the money so spent is recognized as a good investment.

The Carnival festivities of 1895 were, perhaps, as gay as any the Crescent City had ever seen. At noon on Monday of the Carnival week the jovial Rex and his force landed upon the levee from his fleet. He was, as usual, escorted through the city with great pomp, his fierce and swarthy warriors—veritable barbarians in appearance—marching behind in vast array, and a dozen screaming bands shouting their welcome.

Rex is arrayed in gorgeous apparel and his jewels are subjects of comment for weeks before his arrival. The long procession finally reaches the City Hall, where the keys of the city are delivered to this modern Lord of Misrule, and thus the Carnival is formally begun.

The sun is hardly set when the crowds begin to gather for the evening procession. Canal Street grows more and more crowded when the streetlights first twinkle in the shadows. The balconies and amphitheaters are at last enlivened by the presence of the spectators. An hour before the parade appears every seat on the balconies for a mile down the huge

street is occupied, and the crowd upon the sidewalk has become a jam. Every street car in the city starts from Canal Street on one of the eight tracks, and long before the brazen tones of the bands are heard the street is so crowded that it is impossible for the cars to run. Finally a ripple of music is heard, and afar off, swaying as it rumbles over the rough pavement, the first float is discerned. It is the procession of Proteus to-night, and he will display in his march through the city the legends of Asgard and the Gods.

First appears Proteus, the merry and well-beloved, surrounded by Cupids upon his triumphal car, drawn by four horses. The idea that such a display must of necessity be tawdry and cheap in appearance vanishes at once, and it is apparent not only that expense has not been spared, but also that the work has been done by artists. The Goddess of History, The Giant Smith, The Light Elf, The Wild Hunt, The Last Battle, The Ocean God, are among the subjects beautifully portrayed. Nineteen huge floats, with their accompanying bands, torch-bearers and riders, go rumbling by, the procession gay with sparkling scenes, resplendent in colored lights, lively with dancers and resonant with music. They pass slowly down Canal Street, and then through other streets of the city, and finally to the opera house, where the gay masqueraders descend from their gaudy chariots and the revels of the famous Mardi Gras ball begin. It is well on toward morning when the last gay masquerader has disappeared and the rough, stone-paved streets are deserted. Tuesday is the great day of the fete. It is a day of nonsense; it is a day for the amusement of children, or for the flaunting of the usually hidden vices. Crowds of masquers are seen on every side. Clubs of negroes parade the streets in the most outlandish of garbs. Children in the daintiest of fairy costumes, laughing gaily under their simpering false-faces, are hopping over the open gutters and flitting about everywhere. Rowdies, whose hidden faces make them more dar-

ing in their rowdyism, and women who welcome the fete day as a day of license, are everywhere seen. It is a great day for children and for sinners.

Once more at high noon the jovial Rex appears, and this time at the head of a gay procession of nineteen beautiful floats, representing fairy tales culled from that popular collection compiled by Fergus Hume. At the head is the Boeuf Gras, the fatted ox, for which are reserved the sacrificial honors to provide the feast which is the prelude to the lenten season. Then comes Rex himself, upon his throne in the garden of flowers. The Ballad of Fairy Tales, The Golden Goblins, The Wise Owl, The Red Elf and many other genuine scenes from fairyland are all portrayed, and the cavalcade is gone. The rough play of the masquers is resumed and the great fete day is drawing to a close. Again the crowds throng Canal Street. At 9 o'clock in the evening the beautiful procession of Comus appears, representing the "Songs of Long Ago." Comus, with his harp, leads the spectacle upon a towering float. The

enthusiasm of the crowd increases and the Mistletoe Bough, and Comin' through the Rye are greeted with cheers, while the bands play the airs and the fantastic figures dance to the music. The Wearin' o' the Green, Shells of the Ocean, A Song of other Days, all bring out bursts of applause. But when the float piled with bales of cotton, gay with fruits and flowers, lively with dancers, appears, and the crowd deciphers the name, "Dixie," then indeed comes the enthusiasm. The wide old street is gay with waving handkerchiefs, the balconies are all a-quiver with the flutter of fans, while cheer upon cheer make known to the crowds beyond what to expect long before the moving picture is before them.

The light of the last float has passed out of sight. The echoes of Dixie are reverberating in cheers and hurrahs from the eager crowds somewhere down Camp Street, when we wander back out of the living mass to where the street is already deserted, save for the hurrying travelers returning homeward, and The Mardi Gras is over.

### EDITORIAL COMMENT.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND's Message, defining the American position relative to England's alleged encroachments on Venezuelan territory, with Secretary Olney's exposition of the applicability of the Monroe Doctrine to the question at issue between Venezuela and Great Britain, was received with enthusiastic approval everywhere in this country—everywhere except among three very small and wholly self-centered classes, namely: (1) representatives of the importing interests in New York who would find their occupation gone should there be any break in their present profitable trade relations with Great Britain; (2) a minority of the dwellers in cities along the coast who are more impressed with the possibilities of England's navy than with the logic of the situation and the duty of the hour; and (3) certain students and professors

of international law who regard Old World precedent, even when founded on ancient wrong, as everything, and seem to regard New World patriotism as worthy of nothing better than sarcasm. It was well perhaps that all three of these classes should be heard, their dissidence from the general judgment healthfully modifying the enthusiasm of the masses. But when a periodical which stands for that splendid movement for the higher education of the masses—we refer to *The Citizen*, of Philadelphia, national organ of the Society for the Extension of University Teaching—deliberately condemns the President and virtually pronounces his position criminally unwarrantable, then it is clearly time to return to the subject and repeat the amens with which patriotic Americans punctuated their first reading of the Message.

I. *The Citizen* first asserts that "surely President Cleveland's tone in the Message on the Venezuelan dispute is unnecessarily belligerent." Continuing, it says: "Even if the substance of the Message were just and proper, its tone, particularly in the unfortunate concluding paragraph, is such as was not to be expected from a man so enlightened as Mr. Cleveland, occupying his position of consequence and responsibility; it is so pragmatic that it scarcely leaves England any honorable way of retreat from her present attitude."

*The Citizen's* first objection is, then, to the tone of the Message. Without leaving the reader to query as to where it finds the tone unnecessarily warlike, that periodical directs especial attention to the concluding paragraph as embodying all that is offensive in the document. We turn again to the offending utterance, and, far from discovering anything unduly belligerent or pragmatic, our admiration increases for the moderation with which the President concludes his reply to the arrogant assumptions and thinly covered threats of Lord Salisbury. It reads thus:

"In making these recommendations I am fully alive to the responsibility incurred, and keenly realize all the consequences that may follow. I am nevertheless firm in my conviction that, while it is a grievous thing to contemplate the two great English speaking peoples of the world as being otherwise than friendly competitors in the onward march to civilization and strenuous and worthy rivals in all the arts of peace, there is no calamity which a great nation can invite which equals that which follows a supine submission to wrong and injustice and the consequent loss of national self-respect and honor, beneath which is shielded and defended a people's safety and greatness."

What language could be more considerate, more loftily patriotic!

If any excuse were needed for the "tone" of the Message, *The Citizen* provides it in the words thrown in between the two sentences we have already quoted from that periodical, as follows: "It is quite true that Lord Salisbury's letter was not very amicable or tactful in tone."

*The Citizen* then adds, "but it is inconceivable that all honorable resources of modern diplomacy have been exhausted by these gentlemen."

When one party to an international question refuses to arbitrate, there is but one resource left before the last recourse of all, and that is an *ultimatum*, so plainly put that the wayfaring man, though an English Tory, cannot mistake its meaning.

The royal family, the members of the Salisbury government, and the English masses never had so much respect for us as a people as when the cables informed the European world that there wasn't any politics in the Message, that both Houses of Congress, republicans, democrats and populists, the enemies of our chief Executive and his friends, were nearly as one man in support of the President's position.

II. The next point made by *The Citizen* is that, while no American is disposed to abandon the Monroe Doctrine, "many doubt if the Message properly formulates it, and a few will doubt its applicability to the present debate."

Concede, for the moment, that our popular conception of the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine is erroneous. Let the Von Holsts and other self-complacent international law-makers, now much in evidence, continue to wrangle over the historical argument as long as the great dailies will make room for their papers. Enough for us—and for the Salisbury government, too—is the Cleveland Doctrine, as vigorously and clearly embodied in the recent Message. Where did President Monroe find a precedent for the Monroe Doctrine, to which the President's critic tacitly adheres? Finding that, you will find along with it quite as much precedent for the Cleveland Doctrine.

In this New World "new occasions teach new duties," impose new responsibilities and open up new opportunities.

III. Passing over the gratuitous slur put upon the President's new friends, and upon the President himself, as playing to the galleries, the next point made by *The Citizen* is that "in this single

brief Message he [the President] has done more to encourage the general itch for a war with somebody, which has been so absurdly manifested for twelve months past, than could have been accomplished by years of vaporings of the Chandler ilk."

This criticism wholly ignores all question as to the provocation. The same criticism would have suppressed the Declaration of Independence, would have "let our erring brethren [the seceders from the Union] depart in peace."

IV. After alarming its readers *The Citizen* declares, "a war is still altogether improbable." Pronouncing the mere appointment of a Commission to get at the facts a "hasty action in itself a threat of war against peace," voicing the same mercenary spirit of the commercial class along the seaboard, *The Citizen* says that this action, "taken together with the menace of war contained in the Message, precipitated a sudden fall in the value of securities, stimulated gold exports, and unsettled business to such an extent as to do incalculable mischief."

If it has come to this, that in the presence of a great crisis, involving the future of an entire continent and the fate of at least one weak republic that looks to us for at least moral support, our President's mouth must be stopped when the time calls for utterance, and that the hands of our Congress must be tied when help is asked by a sister republic, then let us tamely yield the issue tried by our forefathers more than a century ago, and let us shamelessly admit that patriotism is only a name, the demagogue's plea, the scoundrel's last refuge.

There are a few things worth fighting for, and among these are life, liberty, honor, home, country, the rights of the weak when threatened by the might of the strong. The wisdom of *The Citizen* is the cold selfishness which has withheld the strong arm of England from striking the blow that long ago needed to be struck at barbarous Turkey for the relief of the downtrodden Armenians and for the good of humanity. It is the same bloodless

policy that withheld from the Cuban patriots the sympathy and moral support of our government, which by their bravery and persistency, and by the justness of their cause, they had fairly, grandly, earned. It is the pessimistic wail of the negative Cain in modern diplomacy who withholds the word, or the blow, that would save, exclaiming in self-justification:

"Shall I weep if a Poland fall? Shall I shriek if a Hungary fall?  
Or if an infant civilization be ruled with rod or knot?  
I have not made the world, and He who made it will guide."

\* \* \*

ALREADY the flurry in stocks is over. Already Continental Europe is seeing the Venezuelan question by the new light which the Transvaal incident with rare timeliness provided. Already the liberal, broad-viewed better half of England is coming to see in the appointment of a Commission not a warlike act, but the performance of a duty, and it requires no foresight to enable one to predict that the ministry that would ignore the Venezuelan Commission's findings will be forced to resign and a more liberal ministry will take its place. As the representative of that great conservative journal, the *London Standard*, significantly said in a cablegram from Washington, the American people are for peace and believe a war for arbitration would be a war in the interests of peace.

\* \* \*

THE historical sketch vividly drawn by Mr. Palda, a Bohemian patriot, in this number of *THE MIDLAND*, is a striking picture of the fate of weak republics when through the selfish acquiescence of great powers a stronger nation is allowed to oppress and, if resistance is offered, to kill and burn and devastate. The strongest of the American republics should see to it that the crimes with which the names, Bohemia, Hungary and Poland, are tragically associated in history, are not repeated on American soil.

\* \* \*

FROM such broad-viewed, large-souled Englishmen as Swinburne and William

Watson to Alfred Austin is a drop so sudden as to shock one. We find in Austin a clever versifier who can be careless without conscientious scruples, a rather commonplace moralizer, a conventional drawing-room lover, a ready and willing occasion poet. Here is a bit of verse in his favorite mood, but with less regard for rhyme and rhythm than he usually shows :

Sweet Love is dead;  
Where shall we bury him?  
In a green bed,  
With no stone at his head.  
And no tears nor prayers to worry him.  
Do you think he will sleep  
Dreamless and quiet?  
Yes, if we keep  
Silence nor weep  
O'er the grave where the ground worms  
riot.

By his tomb let us part,—  
But, hush! He is waking!  
He hath winged a dart  
And the mock-cold heart  
With the woe of want is aching.  
Reign we no more,  
Sweet Love lies breathless.  
All we forswore  
Be as before,  
Death may die, but Love is deathless.

The happy strains we find in his verse are the weakest, as, for instance, this closing stanza on his "Birthday" :

My manhood keeps the dew of morn,  
And what I have I give;  
Being right glad that I was born,  
And thankful that I live.

The laureateship will henceforth cease to be regarded as an honor worth aspiring to and working toward.

\* \* \*

After the death of Tennyson all eyes turned to Swinburne as the greatest living English poet. Having outlived the follies of his youth, this poet had shown himself possessed of powers too great to be narrowed down to the expectations of any class or party. Swinburne's ideal England was Cromwell's, and his dream is that The Protector's ambitions may yet be realized. If any there were who seriously thought Swinburne might be made poet laureate, all hope in that direction was removed by the poem written in the heat of indignation over parliament's refusal to erect a statue to Cromwell's memory. Here is a stanza from this noble outburst :

What needs Cromwell stone or bronze to say  
His was the light that lit our England's way,  
The sundown of his time-compelling power,  
The noontide of her most imperial day!

And this, too :

The enthroned republic from her kinglier  
throne  
Spake, and her speech was Cromwell's. Earth  
has known  
No lordlier presence. How should Cromwell  
stand  
By knightlets and by queenlings hewn in  
stone?

Among the masses there was much thought of Sir Edwin Arnold, who beyond all other English poets had found an audience. No one doubted Sir Edwin's ability to play the courtier and the court minstrel and grind out smooth-flowing verse to fit the latest addition to the royal family, or the latest involvement of British diplomacy—if he might choose to do so; but Arnold was regarded by the Queen as religiously and socially, if not politically, heterodox,—and so he was passed.

Then there was William Morris, writer of interminable verse and some real, lasting poetry; but he, too, was passed, with a dozen other minor poets of the time.

Next to Swinburne in the estimation of those who feel sure they know poetry when they see it—or feel it—came William Watson, a poet in whom unite more possibilities than are suggested by any other name in the list of English verse-makers. But Watson, like Swinburne, is too large an Englishman to praise England when she needs censure—to acquiesce when the duty of the hour is protest. "The Purple East," a poem which arraigned England with a severity unsurpassed in the literature of protest, removed Watson's name from the list of possibilities. For what could England do with a laureate who should exclaim, as in Watson's noble protest! We give the poem entire :

Never, O craven England, never more  
Prate thou of generous efforts, righteous aim!  
Betrayer of a people, know thy shame!  
Summer hath passed, and autumn's thrashing  
floor  
Been winnowed; winter at Armenia's door  
Snarls like a wolf; and still the sword and  
flame  
Sleep not; thou only sleepest; and the same  
Cry unto Heaven ascends as heretofore;  
And the red stream thou might'st have  
stanch'd yet runs;  
And o'er the earth there sounds no trumpet's  
tome  
To shake the ignoble torpor of thy sons;  
But with indifferent eyes they watch, and see  
Hell's regent sitting yonder, propped by thee,  
Abdul the Damned, on his infernal throne.

You in high places ; you that drive the steeds  
Of empire ; you that say unto our hosts,  
"Go thither," and they go ; and from our  
coasts  
Bid sail the squadrons, and they sail, their  
deeds  
Shaking the world ; lo ! from a land that  
pleads  
For mercy, where no mercy is, the ghosts  
Look in upon your faltering at your posts —  
Upbraid your parleying while a people bleeds  
To death. What stays the thunder in your  
hand ?  
A fear for England ? Can her pillared fame  
Only on faith forsown securely stand,  
On faith forsown that murders babes and  
men ?  
Are such the terms of glory's tenure ? Then  
Fall her accursed greatness, in God's name !  
Heaped in their ghastly graves they lie, the  
breeze  
Sickening o'er fields where others vainly wait  
For burial ; and the butchers keep high state  
In silkened palaces of perfumed ease.  
The panther of the desert, matched with  
these  
Is pitiful ; besides their lust and hate  
Fire and the plague-wind are compassionate,  
And soft the deadliest fangs of ravening seas,  
How long shall they be borne ? Is not the cup  
Of crime yet full ? Doth devildom still lack  
Some consummating crown that we hold back  
The scourge, and in Christ's borders give  
them room ?  
How long shall they be borne, O England ? Up,  
Tempest of God, and sweep them to their  
doom !

\* \* \*

TENNYSON and Wordsworth look lone-  
some pictured in company with Austin,  
Shadwell, Davenant, Whitehead, Tate,  
Ensdon, Warton, Rowe, Cibber, and the  
rest of the poet laureates. The presence  
of Southe, Dryden and Ben Johnson  
somewhat mitigates their loneliness, how-  
ever.

\* \* \*

HON. JAMES HARLAN's notable contribu-  
tion to this number includes much in-  
esting matter relative to the most imposing  
and important work of monumental art to  
be found west of the Mississippi, Iowa's  
Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. The  
senior member of the Monument Commis-  
sion, Senator Harlan, is conversant with  
every feature of the subject. His paper  
is a history of the movement for a monu-  
ment and a description of the work itself.  
While it is in nowise a defense of the  
Commission's course, it is a frank and full  
explanation of the limitations within which  
the Commission has been compelled to  
work, and an answer to the adverse criti-  
cisms passed upon its work. It is the first

reference any member of the Commission  
has made to the question raised by several  
Grand Army posts relative to the placing  
of medallion portraits of living veterans  
upon the monument. Whatever may be  
the popular verdict, every veteran holds  
Senator Harlan in high esteem and will  
give his presentation of the subject careful  
reading and dispassionate consideration.

\* \* \*

THE MIDLAND presents, with Senator  
Harlan's paper, the first reproduction  
which has thus far been made of the statu-  
ary and medallion portraits which are to  
adorn the Iowa Soldiers' and Sailors'  
Monument. The equestrian statues, the  
representation of the Infantry branch of  
the service, the remaining medallion  
groups and the battle scenes will be repro-  
duced in THE MIDLAND soon as they are  
photographed.

\* \* \*

HON. A. B. CUMMINS has in prepara-  
tion for the March MIDLAND a sketch of  
the career and tribute to the character of  
the late George G. Wright, whose long  
life in the Middle-West included a splendid  
and successful public career, as Repre-  
sentative in Congress, as United States  
Senator and as Chief Justice of Iowa. Mr.  
Cummins' intimate relations with Judge  
Wright and his well known ability to say  
the fitting word that is afterwards remem-  
bered give promise of a very valuable  
paper in March.

#### BOOKS RECENTLY RECEIVED.

"Rose of Dutcher's Coolly," by Ham-  
lin Garland. Stone & Kimball, publishers,  
Chicago.

"A Bundle of Fagots," by Lavinia  
Hartwell Egan. The Editor Publishing  
Co., Franklin, Ohio.

"The Last Touches," by Mrs. W. K.  
Clifford. Macmillan & Co., New York.

"Leisure Lines," by Helen Chaffee,  
with illustrations by Noble-Ives. The  
Editor Publishing Co., Franklin, Ohio.

"Pebbles and Shells," verses by Clar-  
ence Hawkes, with illustrations by El-  
bridge Kingsley. Picturesque Publishing  
Co., Northampton, Mass.

